

The LEATHER NECK

SEMPER FIDELIS



Vol. 9 No. 5

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 10, 1926

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Number 5

White Gold

A Story Of Voodooism In Haiti

By DON HYDE

CHAPTER III

"THE SIGN OF THE SERPENT"

Both men stood as if rooted to the ground while this terrible cry echoed and re-echoed through the hills, finally dying in a faint whisper of sound. It was not repeated. Hollister was the first to recover his presence of mind. "Come," he shouted to Fourreau, "I am going to settle this thing once and for all."

Picking up his saddle and blanket on the run he threw them across his horse's back. As he was feverishly tightening the girth he turned to see if Fourreau had followed his example and saw him still standing in the same position, a look of intense fear on his face.

"Hey, there," cried Hollister in an exasperated tone, "what the hell's the matter? Shake a leg and saddle that horse. We've lost enough time without your stalling around."

Fourreau paid no attention; it seemed almost as though he had not heard. Hollister waited a few seconds, and then strode angrily towards him. Placing himself in front of him he grasped him by the shoulders and shook him roughly.

"Did you hear me order you to saddle that horse?", he demanded.

Fourreau merely nodded dumbly in assent.

"All right then," continued Hollister, "are you going to obey me or not? I'm going to search that cursed valley and you're going with me, by God, if I have to force you at the point of a pistol!"

"But, Captain," replied Fourreau, in a voice that trembled with fear, "you heard the 'Death Wail' of the 'Great Spirit.' Surely you won't arouse his anger further? Already one man is dead and where are the others? Come, let us return before we, too, perish."

Hollister could not help feeling impressed by these words and the tone in which they were spoken; besides, that fearful cry still rang in his ears. The "Death Wail!" It was aptly named. Yet he did not, even for an instant, consider turning back at this vital moment. Even if he did not have a specific duty to carry out, he was morally bound by the unwritten law of his profession to stand by his

men. These men had disappeared and he must locate them before turning back.

Fourreau had no such thoughts, for his was the stark, naked fear of primitive man facing the unknown. The fear that peopled the heavens with angels and the sea with demons, the fear that saw in every thunderbolt the curse of an angry god.

Sensing Fourreau's feelings, Hollister relented somewhat from his stand of the moment before.

"Come on, old man," he said, placing his arm around Fourreau's shoulders, "buck up. I'll admit that hellish cry unnerved me for a moment, but you know some human or natural agency must be responsible for it. We're both men and soldiers and we have no right to show the white feather now. Let's see this thing through together."

Slowly Fourreau's attitude changed. The look of fear left his face and one of grim determination took its place. He squared his shoulders and looked Hollister straight in the eye and said, simply, "I will." He then set silently upon the task of saddling his horse.

This was soon accomplished and in a very few minutes both men mounted their horses and set out at a brisk trot for the valley. Upon arriving at the point where the trail descended into the valley, they halted while Hollister hastily scanned the valley through his glasses. Nothing had changed. Everything was quiet and peaceful and it seemed hardly possible that sudden death and unearthly cries had been rampant but a short time before. Returning his glasses to their case, Hollister silently pointed to the floor of the valley and started the descent.

They paused for a moment at the bottom of the slope to examine the marks in the sand, which, viewed closely, proved beyond a doubt to be hoof prints. These hoof prints led straight across the valley towards the cliffs, and Hollister determined to follow them up before exploring the valley in detail.

The tracks in the sand led them across the valley and through a tangle of underbrush on the gentle slope that led to the cliffs. The hoof prints terminated at the base of the cliff, much to the disappoint-

ment of both men. Dismounting, they went forward to examine the face of the cliff. It rose sheer for at least two hundred feet and there was absolutely no way in which it could be ascended. The discoloration that Hollister had noticed from the other side of the valley seemed, when viewed at close range, even more as if caused by smoke. Directly beneath this discoloration was a small ledge, possibly two feet wide and ten feet long, about thirty feet from the ground. This ledge, in conjunction with the blackened surface of the cliff, gave Hollister an inkling of what might have been the origin of the blood red fire.

A few feet beneath the ledge was a carving of a coiled snake, with upraised head, ready to strike. He was frankly puzzled by this carving and at a loss to account for its presence. He called Fourreau's attention to it and asked if he knew of its significance.

Fourreau looked at it for a moment and then replied, "Yes, that is the sign of the 'Sacred Serpent.' No question now that we are dealing with voodooists."

"But why should this sign of the sacred serpent be here and what is its meaning in voodoo?", queried Hollister.

"I don't know for a certainty just why it should be here as it is seldom if ever used. I never saw it before but I have heard of it. I believe it is meant to render the place sacred or taboo. You know the serpent plays an important part in voodoo ceremonies. There is one in nearly every temple, kept in a box beneath the altar."

"Well," remarked Hollister, drawing his pistol, "this thing is getting on my nerves. I crave action. I don't like the looks of that damned snake and I'll ruin its ugly head, anyway," and before Fourreau could remonstrate, he raised his pistol and, taking a steady aim at the head of the serpent, pulled the trigger.

Almost simultaneously with the report of the pistol there was a blinding flash of blood red fire from the face of the cliff, followed by a huge cloud of dense black, acrid smoke!

(Continued on Next Page)

Dumfounded, both men gazed in awe and silence. Suddenly Fourreau gave a startled shout. "Look, look," he cried, pointing to the cliff directly in front of them.

Slowly and silently, as if on well oiled hinges, a section of the cliff was swinging inward!

Wider and wider grew the opening until it was fully large enough to permit the entrance of a mounted man without difficulty. Advancing cautiously, Hollister peered within the opening, but was unable to penetrate the darkness except for a few feet directly within the opening. This, he thought, was the explanation of the disappearance of the pack train. If there was any basis for Fourreau's tale this passage must lead to the "Basin Rouge." Fully determined to explore it thoroughly he called to Fourreau, and then suddenly thought of the horses. They had not been tied and he hardly expected to find them. Fourreau's horse had disappeared but his own animal was standing trembling a little distance away. He went up and quieted the terrified horse as best he could, and, after removing saddle and bridle, turned him loose.

After selecting a few articles from his saddle bags, including a pocket flashlight, he went forward with Fourreau to explore the cavern. They had advanced only a few feet beyond the opening when they heard a slight grating noise behind them and turned just in time to see the ponderous stone door swing shut. They were prisoners in what seemed to be the last stronghold of the former great and all powerful Voodoo Priests!

Hurriedly retracing his steps, Hollister carefully examined the wall where the opening had been, but could find no means whereby the door might be reopened. He then began with the aid of the flashlight, a careful and thorough search on the right hand side of the stone door. A few feet further on he came upon a rope ladder suspended from some point above. He followed it up the wall with his light and saw that it terminated on a wooden platform, about thirty feet above the floor. The roof of the cavern was, he estimated, at least fifteen feet above this platform.

He handed the light to Fourreau and, after instructing him to hold it in such a manner as to light his way up the ladder, started the climb. Upon reaching the platform he was able to see, in the dim light, that a space running the length of the platform had been hollowed out in the stone. This space was about three feet high and extended through the cliff with a hinged covering on the far side. Pushing this covering open, Hollister found, as he had surmised, that he was on a level with the ledge that he had seen from the outside. A deep, narrow trough had been hollowed out in the center of the ledge. A piece of fine resistance wire ran through the center of the trough, terminating at each end in a lead that passed through the opening in the cliff. Satisfied that he had at last discovered the explanation of the blood red fire, he returned to the platform and called to Fourreau.

"Look along the floor near the wall directly below me," he said, "and see if you can find two electric wires."

Hollister waited for a few minutes until Fourreau called to him that he had found the wires, and he then climbed down to the floor of the cave. He found

that the wires ran along the floor close to the wall and, following them up, discovered that they were connected to a powerful battery. Beside the battery was a large metal container filled with a reddish, brown powder.

Hollister explained to Fourreau what he had found on the ledge and, pointing to the battery, continued: "after placing this chemical compound in the trough, it was ignited by the resistance wire becoming red hot from the current in this battery. There must be some kind of a switch in the head of the serpent that closes the circuit and sets off the red fire. Simple enough, but devilish clever."

"There must also be some sort of an arrangement in the head of the serpent that operates the stone door, though I confess I can't imagine just how it works. We'll take a look on the other side of the door."

A second pair of wires was soon located on the left hand side of the door but they seemed to terminate in the floor. This puzzled Hollister, and he studied them for several moments.

"I don't know what to do," he said at last, with a frown, "If that door is operated by electricity, controlled by a switch in the head of the carved snake, I should be able to open it by crossing these wires. That would close the circuit in the same manner as closing the switch, you know. But on the other hand I might bring the whole mountain tumbling down on top of us. We are dealing with some very clever person or persons, and I think we had better be cautious, so I'll leave these wires until later."

A short consultation followed and it was decided to proceed with the exploration of the cavern. Fourreau still carried the light and Hollister motioned for him to keep it. Drawing and loading his pistol, he set out.

The first thing they discovered was that they were in a large chamber with a passage leading out on the far side. Advancing slowly they went along this passage way for nearly two hundred yards, when they saw that the passage either terminated in a blank wall or made an abrupt turn to the right a short distance ahead. They had stopped for a moment, when there came to their startled ears, in the sepulchral silence of the passage, a series of moans and groans mingled with half human cries. They ceased as suddenly as they had begun and for a moment the passage was again as silent as a tomb. Then there arose in the silence an exact duplicate of the cry they had heard earlier in the day. A terrible, blood curdling cry, intensified by the unearthly echoes of the cavern.

The light fell from Fourreau's palsied fingers and was extinguished on the hard surface of the ground. They stood still in the darkness waiting for they knew not what.

Suddenly there appeared before them a terrible apparition. It had the body of an animal, but glowed with a sickly green, unearthly light. Great eyes that glowed like living coals of fire glared at them through the Stygian darkness. The monster opened its great mouth, gleaming with huge misshapen tusks, and the hideous jowls dripped moulten fire. For a moment the thing stood still, shaking its head and growling.

"Un 'Loup-Garrou,'" shrieked Fourreau, in abject terror.

"Loup-Garrou!" In spite of his iron will the blood seemed to freeze in Hollis-

ter's veins and his brain seemed paralyzed. Yet he had vague recollections of the old world tales of the "Were-Wolf." It was a man who had leagued himself with the devil and the powers of darkness and was, by their aid, able to change himself into this horrible form at will. No mortal power could prevail against it.

Then—with slow, measured strides the monster advanced towards them. Hollister was aware that Fourreau was on his knees feverently crossing himself and muttering short prayers through chattering teeth. Nearer and nearer it came. It was only a matter of seconds before the beast would be upon them.

Something seemed to snap in Hollister's brain and he became conscious of the fact that he was holding a loaded pistol in his hand. Almost instinctively he raised it and fired point blank at the advancing monster!

CHAPTER IV

"WITHIN THE BASIN ROUGE"

Six times the pistol spoke with short staccato notes, which were echoed and reëchoed in the small confines of the passage. At the first shot the monster had given a purely human scream and fallen on its side. Now it lay perfectly quiet on the ground, still glowing with the same sickly green light.

Hollister first reloaded his pistol and then groped about on the ground and finally succeeded in locating the flashlight. He pressed the button, and was greatly relieved when a bright, white beam of light stabbed through the inky darkness.

Fourreau had by this time recovered his self-control and he eagerly pressed forward with Hollister to examine the fallen monster. Hollister looked at it for a moment and then touched it with an exploring finger. When he drew his finger away, it glowed in the same manner as the beast. He held it towards Fourreau.

"Phosphorous," he said, simply.

He then kicked the prostrate thing with his foot. It felt weak and flimsy; not at all like solid flesh. He held the light closer and saw that the body was merely heavy cloth stretched on a wire frame, but this didn't account for the little trickles of red that were oozing from under the monster. Drawing his sheath knife he ripped off a large portion of the cloth covering, and, holding the light close, peered within. He drew back with a start. Lying inside the framework was a gigantic negro!

Together they pulled him out of the remains of the "Loup-Garrou." The man was dead. Blood oozed from the body in several places and it was apparent that nearly every shot had found its mark. Even the snow white wool of the negro's head was stained with blood. Hollister turned the face to the light and examined it closely.

"Well, Fourreau," he said at last, "this is the old man who brought the coins to the bank and started the whole thing. He answers the description perfectly."

"Wish I hadn't killed him, though. I surely wanted to make him talk but it can't be helped now. Let's cover the body up and then see where this passage will lead us."

After covering the body with a piece of the cloth taken from the monster, they ad-

vance cautiously along the passage and soon discovered that it made an abrupt turn to the right. They hesitated for a moment while Hollister listened closely, but hearing no sound he stepped boldly around the corner. In the brilliant illumination from the flashlight he saw that the passage was entirely empty. Two hundred or so yards further on he could see a faint gleam of light. Calling to Fourreau, he hurried down the passage. There was another abrupt turn, this time to the left. Twenty yards from this turn the passage terminated, and, stepping forth, they found themselves on the mountain side, gazing into a valley slightly larger than the one they had left.

But what a difference! Where the other had been dry and barren, with practically no vegetation; this valley was a veritable fairland. Like a large green bowl it nestled amid the encircling mountains, whose steep and lofty sides reared themselves on every hand.

A small river threaded its silver way thru the green fields and gardens of the valley. From this river, irrigation ditches wandered through the fields of rice and cane. Men and women were at work engaged in the tasks of the harvest season.

On a small rise at the far end of the valley he saw a large stone house, surrounded by a beautiful garden. This building puzzled him. It was built like a square with no galleries on the outside, but the roof was perfectly flat with a low balustrade along the edge.

Several hundred yards from the house Hollister saw an orderly row of small native huts, which he judged were occupied by the workers in the fields. With the aid of his glasses he could see moving figures around these huts, and the smoke from small cooking fires was plainly visible.

Almost directly opposite on the far side of the valley was a large rambling building, resting against the mountain side. Hollister studied this building through his glasses but could not imagine for what purpose it was used.

It was now late afternoon and the setting sun shed its golden rays upon the peaceful scene. Could this valley harbor beings responsible for the diabolical happenings of the day? It seemed almost impossible to Hollister as he gazed upon it.

"We had better wait here until dark," he said, turning to Fourreau. "Then we will go down and look this place over."

Accordingly he threw himself at full length on the ground and Fourreau followed his example. They didn't have long to wait before the sun set behind the mountain peaks in a blaze of glory, and the valley became dark. They waited a few minutes and then started down the

slope where they found several well-defined trails leading in various directions.

Hollister picked one that seemed to lead in the general direction of the buildings. They had gone only a little distance when Fourreau's sharp ears caught the sound of voices. He pressed Hollister's arm and told him in a whisper of what he had heard.

Both men stood still, listening intently. Suddenly there burst upon their ears the steady throb, throb of a tom-tom. It seemed to come from some point on their right and they struck off across the fields in that direction. It was by now quite dark and they had difficulty in picking their way over the uneven ground. Nearer and nearer sounded the tom-toms. They were almost at the end of the valley furthest from the buildings when they saw the dim red glow of a fire and were brought up short by a high cactus hedge.

Cautiously Hollister peered through. Seated in a semi-circle in front of a long, low house were a large number of men and women. In the center of this circle was a large, white stone on which was a lighted candle, and on the ground rested a large bowl and a closed book.

The tom-toms increased their throbbing; the crowd of natives rose to their feet and out of the house came a man attired in a multicolored robe. In his hand he carried a bowl of corn meal, which he carefully sprinkled on the ground in the form of a circle around the stone.

He held up his hand. The throbbing tom-toms increased their rhythm and the people set up a weird, barbaric chant. Then another figure came out of the house—a woman. In her arms she carried a young kid which bleated pitifully.

The man with the multicolored robe took the kid from her arms and held it aloft by the hind legs. A flash of steel in the flickering firelight; a single bleat of terror from the unfortunate animal; and the priest, for such Hollister rightly guessed him to be, let a few drops of the warm life blood drop on the stone, on the opened book, and the rest was caught in the bowl. Laying the lifeless body on the stone the priest raised the bowl high above his head, muttered a few words, and drank deeply. He then passed the bowl to the nearest bystander who drank and passed it on.

The priest had bent over the body of the kid with his knife when Fourreau plucked Hollister's sleeve and indicated that they must leave. Hollister nodded his head in agreement and they were soon far enough away so they could converse with no danger of being overheard.

"Captain, do you know what you just saw?" asked Fourreau.

"No," replied Hollister, "I am not sure,

though I presume it was a voodoo ceremony."

"Yes," continued Fourreau, "that was the beginning of one of the highest forms of voodoo ceremony and dance. There is only one higher and that is when they sacrifice a child instead of an animal."

"I brought you away because, as soon as the priest finishes cutting up the body, a man will be given the head and feet to be taken to the cemetery to 'Baron', the God of Devils. This cemetery was right behind where we were standing."

"Then the heart, liver, lungs and entrails will be given to the dogs and the rest of the body turned over to the women to be cooked. Soon taffia and clarine will be passed around, everyone will become drunk and—", Fourreau finished with an eloquent shrug of his shoulders.

They continued across the fields until they reached the trail that led towards the house. It had occurred to Hollister that the best plan would be for one of them to explore the valley while the other waited at the entrance of the passage through the mountain where he could, should the necessity arise, escape and at least have a fighting chance of reaching Petionville and help. This valley was, beyond a doubt, a great stronghold of Voodoo and he felt certain that no one besides themselves knew the secret of the entrance through the mountain.

"I want you to go back to the entrance of the passage and wait there", said Hollister. "Better fill your canteen and take some of this fruit to eat. If you hear me fire one shot, followed by three in rapid succession, go through the passage as fast as you can. You will be able to get out by climbing up to the ledge, pulling up the rope ladder and then letting it down on the outside. Then try your best to reach Petionville and bring help. If you hear just two shots come down and find me as everything will be o.k. If you don't hear anything within twenty-four hours, go for help anyway. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Captain," replied Fourreau and, after repeating his orders, slipped silently away in the darkness.

Left alone, Hollister decided to wait until the moon rose before venturing further. So he lay down under a tree and reviewed the happenings of the past twenty-four hours. First, there had been the disappearance of the packtrain. That was accounted for. Then the great flash of blood-red fire, that also had been explained. Several things, though, still remained a mystery. There was the death of one man and the strange disappearance of the other two. Then, also, that unearthly cry that had startled them while engaged in the gruesome task of

(Continued on Page 28)



THE BROADCAST

Wherein The Leatherneck Publishes News From All Posts

MISINFORMATION FROM THE U. S. S. CLEVELAND

At about 10:00 A. M. on the morning of January 21, the *Cleveland* steamed slowly into the harbor of Arica, a city in the province of Arica, in northern Chile. Immediately upon arrival at our anchorage, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in honor of the Republic of Chile. This salute was returned by a battery of artillery located on a high hill overlooking the city.

A short time later, General Pershing came aboard and paid his respects to General Lassiter, U. S. A., his successor as Chairman of the Tacna-Arica Plebiscite Commission. Upon leaving in company with General Lassiter, he was tendered a salute of nineteen guns.

Arica is an important port of entry for Bolivia, connected by a railroad to La Paz, across the Andes Mountains. It is a city of about 5,000 population and is situated in a valley extending in a northeasterly direction toward the Andes. On the north and south the city is surrounded by barren desert mountains devoid of vegetation. Within the city is a small, well-shaded park in the center of which is a fountain. This park also contains a monument erected to the memory of Christopher Columbus, without which no Latin-American city would be complete. The cities of South America have long been noted for their unsanitary conditions, and Arica is no exception to this long established rule. The stone pavements of the streets are extremely rough and unspeakably filthy. This condition can be accounted for by the scarcity of water and the constant influx of fine sand blown into the city from the surrounding hills by the prevailing winds.

The water supply for the city is an undesirable feature. The water is transported from the Andes Mountains through a pipe line, and is not of very good quality. The American members of the Plebiscite Commission are furnished drinking water manufactured on the *Cleveland*. A number of the houses have modern plumbing fixtures installed, but the majority of the people depend on their water supply from the many water vendors seen on every street.

The city is well expanded, covering a vast area of ground. The streets are wide and well laid out, which is unusual of cities of the Latin-American countries that were settled by the early Spanish explorers and built in a more or less compact form for purposes of defense. The houses are in most cases constructed of brick and stone, or adobe-like material of a mixture of mud and straw. Very little lumber is used in house construction due to the scarcity of this material.

The southern side of the city is guarded by a picturesque cliff, not unlike Gibraltar, which is celebrated in Peruvian history as the site of a memorable battle in the war between Chile and Peru. At the crisis of this battle, the commandant of the Peruvian garrison, rather than fall into the hands of the Chileans, spurred

his horse over the summit and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Near the base of this cliff is located a radio station, in rear of which is an old Inca cemetery that was partly excavated in 1868 by the action of the great tidal wave, in which the U. S. S. WATEREE, at that time at Arica, was carried inland.

The provinces of Tacna and Arica are located in the barren Atacama Desert, and are rich in nitrates. The nitrates are mined and put through a washing process which brings out the nitrate in the form of a coarse salt. It is then put up in bags and transported to the United States and European countries to be used as fertilizer. The scarcity of rain in the Atacama Desert is responsible for the rich deposits of nitrate in this area. Since nitrate of soda is a soluble substance, an abundant rainfall would cause the nitrate to dissolve and be carried away by the seeping water. These nitrate fields are the source of the principal export of Chile. There is at present a heavy export duty on nitrates and for this reason Chilean people have a very low tax rate.

PARRIS ISLAND

Sergeant Major Charles E. Grey was elected president of the Noncommissioned Officers' Club this week at the annual election. This is the fourth consecutive term that the Sergeant Major has been chosen to serve in this important office.

The other officers elected were as follows: Sergeant George French, vice president; Sergeant George R. Green, treasurer; and George F. Sullivan, secretary.

During the meeting that was held after the elections, it was disclosed by the officers that the business and finances of the club are in fine condition, and that a bright and successful year is looked forward to.

SIDELIGHTS ON HAITI

Do you know of the eighty-acre farm the Marines have here in Haiti? No, of course not; but nevertheless it has been found by those who have been assigned the troublesome work of diagnosing the various symptoms and characteristics of the marine, that to feed them is the quickest and best possible way in reaching the highest standard of discipline, morality, good spirit, and lastly, but not least, good will and hearty cooperation. The various healthful fresh vegetables could not be obtained from local markets in sufficient quantities to supply the fifteen hundred mouths of the Brigade, so eighty acres of the Republic's fertile soil, a short distance from Port au Prince, was rented by the U. S. Government. This is entirely cultivated and controlled by marines. On this farm one may find an abundance of any variety of fresh vegetables the year around; such as, fresh sweet corn, tomatoes, cabbage, lettuce, asparagus, beets, green onions, spinach, radishes, oyster and egg plants, etc.

Daily these fresh vegetables are harvested from the big farm under the direction of the supervising officer, in sufficient quantities to furnish the several messes of the Brigade. It must be understood, however, that this work which occupies so much of the marines' time is not forced upon them, but must be entirely voluntarily. Each ruddy-faced marine is proud of his own personal plot, whether it be tall sweet corn or little, lowly lettuce; and immediately upon his plot showing the least sign of being exhausted, a new crop is planted. In this way, the Marine in any dining-room in Haiti never hears the old "There ain't no more!"

The reader may not have heard, either, of the marines' bathing beach here in Haiti, built and reserved for their exclusive use. Reveille has sounded—it is now six forty-five—the marines assemble—roll call and everyone present; five minutes strenuous, but health-building exercise and then down to the beach but a short distance away. Oh! what a delightful refreshing plunge from one of Spaulding's spring boards; and again another; then a short distance swim, a few more dives. Oh! boy, it's great, this tropical water with a temperature of seventy-five. A half an hour has passed too quickly. Out they come and then back to their home on the double, where they quickly dry themselves while on the well-cared for lawns near the croquet, tennis, and handball courts, to await the serving of the usual good, tasty, wholesome breakfast. You didn't? Oh, yes; surely, marines play croquet and tennis quite as well as football.

We all know that to finish any article properly, one must be frank; the marines here in Port au Prince do not only play—they also have hard work planned for them. Although they do not have long exhaustive hikes and fatiguing drills, which would in no way be compatible to them because of Haiti's tropical climate, they are required to study hard, maintain their quarters properly, perform various tours of guard duty, and once each month, just as the golden sun is stealing away slowly behind those purple-tinted hills, when all things that live are at rest, comes the shrill call of a bugle, then the ruffle of drums, and "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Fifteen hundred marines of the Brigade, representing the United States of America are passing in review before their commanding general on the Champ de Mars, with Old Glory and the Corps Colors unfurling their silken folds to the evening breeze.

RADIO IN QUANTICO

A new counterpoise has been constructed for use with short wave transmitter, and is made entirely of copper pipe. With this type of counterpoise the radiation is 100 per cent better. A new antenna is being constructed for this set, also made of copper pipe, and will be about thirty feet in length.

A short wave transmitter has just been completed for use in aircraft, measuring 14" by 8". It has a range from 20 to 80 meters, and uses a 7½ watt tube, with 350 volts on the plate, and six volts for filament. Experiments will be made in the air as soon as practicable. It is expected that the set will have a range of approximately 30 miles.

On January 9, a radio test flight was made in an 02B-1, No. 6915, the shielded ignition plane, for the purpose of testing the value of ignition shielding on high frequencies. For this purpose the high frequency supplied by Bureau of Eng. No. 14A was used. With the receiver in an oscillating condition, no ignition disturbance was present and signals from the station at Quantico (NFV) on 4435 KOS was turned in without trouble. In the vicinity of Washington the station was painfully loud on one step of amplification.

Test work has been conducted with the second high frequency crystal controlled transmitter, with very satisfactory results.

A card was received from New Zealand reporting reception of our short wave signals in daylight. To date this is the farthest daylight distance that our signals have been received.

Two way communication was established with SSMY, the SS AXEL JOHNSON, a Swedish ship, 300 miles NE of the Azores, who reported our signals as strength 8 or 9 which is loud enough for comfortable reception on the typewriter.

The student class preparing for Pensacola are making good progress with code practice. All students can receive in the vicinity of 13 words a minute.

Communication has been established, on short waves (33.8 meters), with the following Naval Air Stations: NPL, San Diego; NBA, Canal Zone; and also the Army Station, WYD, Fairfield, Ohio. It is hoped that much traffic will be handled between these stations.

"Hubby, I saved \$10 today."

"What did you buy?"—Pitt Panther.

FROM THE U. S. S. PITTSBURGH

By J. W. Tenny

Nearly all of the old timers over here say that the daily routine has not changed a bit. Someone still has the ship on his shoulders. We are due for a marine disaster before long, due to the fact that this Atlas of the PITTSBURGH is about ready to fly a homeward-bound pennant.

Aside from the above mentioned casualties, things continue to go on quite smoothly. There are numerous trips to be had for the asking. Only a few days ago there was arranged by the American Express Company of Florence, Italy, a sight-seeing trip from Leghorn to Florence for the considerably small sum of \$5.60. When it was time to muster on the quarter-deck, the enthusiastic Marine who was bent on going, found that he composed the entire party, and decided that it was too long a trip to make alone. Such incidents occur only when it is close to an approaching pay day. Then, too, we had a rather trying time along the Riviera.

Having seen a photo of the ROCHES-TER Detachment on the front page of THE LEATHERNECK, we have become aroused by what may well be termed professional jealousy, and will forward from Naples, Italy, a photo of a real Marine Detachment.

Young Jake Boehler seems quite enthused over the fact that he is about due to return to the States. Says he will be glad to get back to the place where fresh water is plentiful so that he can enjoy a shower every day. Jake seems to forget that water will be one of the few things he will be able to drink and still retain his eyesight. Methinks the "snow-white" will suffer when "Jakie" leaves us. (Wonder what Booth, the other twin, will do?)

A few nights ago, January 26 to be exact, the manager of the local Opera House kindly extended an invitation to one hundred members of the ship's company; of this, the Marines were allotted eleven tickets. The performance, music et al., was a pleasure to all who had the good fortune to attend. We were treated to a portion of Cavaliera Rusticana and

the Anvil Chorus from II Travatore. Next day Booth decided to air his conception of what he had heard the previous night. We are quite sure that, edifying as it was, this conception could have been dispensed with.

For the benefit of those who have left us, we think it advisable to state that the boys who make a habit of "corking off" on ditty boxes are still going strong. In the opinion of the writer, Dennin leads by seven or eight "cork-offs."

Our dashing young company clerk, I am afraid, is madly in love. He is pining, and wishing for the day when we shall again touch the hospitable shores of France. I hope we get back before he passes away.

Guess this will end this little bunch of nonsense. Next time it is our hope to tell of the nice times had at Naples, and of the pleasures of the contemplated trip to Rome. It is also hoped that a few more subscriptions to Our Magazine will be included with the next batch of Ditty Box Cracks.

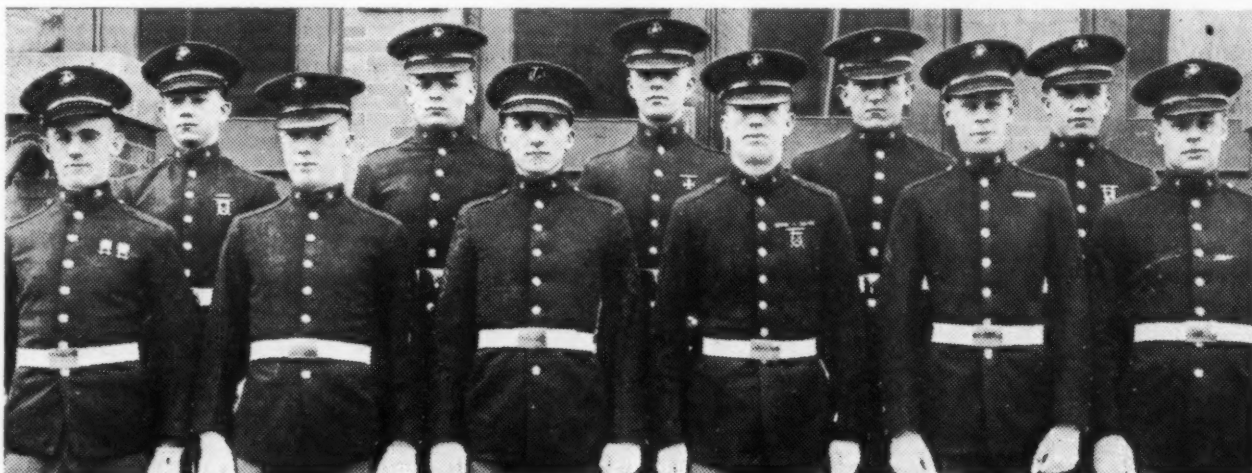
PICTURE LIBRARY FOR U. S. M. C.

A historical picture library of the Marine Corps is to be begun immediately by a photographic section just authorized by Major General Lejeune. Motion and still picture of all places where Marines serve will be taken and circulated throughout the Marine Corps Barracks and camps and on all ships carrying Marines.

There will be two camera parties engaged in this work. One will be attached to the headquarters, Department of the Pacific, at San Francisco, in the office of Gen. W. C. Neville. The other party will be attached to the Marine Corps Recruiting Bureau at Philadelphia, in the office of Col. C. S. Radford.

"I am so sorry I married you," sobbed the bride.

"You ought to be," he replied; "you cheated some other girl out of a mighty fine husband."—Bison.



Graduates of the Candidates for Commission Class, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., who were commissioned second lieutenants on March 5, 1926. Left to right, front—J. A. Donohoe, D. M. Hamilton, M. C. Horner, L. D. Snead, P. M. Rixey and P. A. Putnam. Back row—L. Norman, A. Kautz, Jr., G. K. Frisbie, E. H. Phillips and J. M. Ranck.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. ASHEVILLE

By Cpl. Henry C. A. Rippel

The Interpost Fifteenth Infantry Basketball Championship League started with its first game on the second of December and is at the present time completed.

The U. S. S. ASHEVILLE entered a team called "Navy", which was composed of six Marines and four Sailors, this team being coached by Ensign G. M. Robillard, U. S. N. The Marine Expeditionary Force that is attached to the ship also entered a team, although they were handicapped by having but three marines who knew anything regarding basketball. This team composed of all marines was coached by Second Lieutenant R. L. Skidmore, U. S. M. C. The Navy team was placed in the 1st Battalion and the Marine team in the 3rd Battalion.

At the close of the 3rd Battalion season, the Marines stood in third place, thereby leaving Company "H", Fifteenth Infantry as the champions of the Battalion. After a few days, the 1st Battalion games ended with the Navy team holding first place. The team won these laurels by taking five straight games from the Army teams in that battalion. The scores follow:

Navy vs "K", 15 to 8; Navy vs "I", 28 to 23; Navy vs. "M", 26 to 17; Navy vs. "L", 23 to 7; Navy vs Headquarters, 42 to 12.

The championship game between the Navy and "H" Company teams was then played on the first day of the New Year. The game was won by Company "H" by a score of 20 to 17. From rumors around the compound and from everyone who had seen the game, it was considered one of the best games played at the compound to date. The Navy team took the lead in the first half, having the better of the Army by a score of 8 to 7; but they lost the lead in the second half.

On the third day of January, the Captain of the U. S. S. ASHEVILLE received a radio from the Peking Marines requesting that the Navy team come to Peking for a series of games to be played on the seventh, eighth, and ninth. After permission had been granted, the Navy team proceeded to Peking on the sixth. The scores of the games with the Peking Marines were as follows: Marines 28, Navy 18; Marines 30, Navy 13; Marines 28, Navy 3.

To our surprise we found that the Marine team at Peking had some perfect pass-work and fast playing, which was the cause of the Navy's downfall during this series of games. The Navy team enjoyed the game, however, and as a whole wished to thank the Peking Marines for their hospitality during our stay at Peking.

Again the ASHEVILLE has arrived in a port in which the Chinese War Lords have arisen. It seems to the writer, who has come to this port for the second time, that the Chinese wars here are just a fall outdoor sport. It seems that when it becomes too cold, they sign an armistice until the following fall, and then at the same time and place each spring they renew their fighting. The war here has come as close as fifteen to twenty miles from the outskirts of the city.

The Chinese General Lin Ching Li had control of the outskirts of Tientsin until the arrival of the Christian General,

whose name is Feng Yu Hsiang; and after probably a week of fighting, lost the city to the latter. The equipment of the former general could have been bought for almost nothing upon the retreat of his men, as they needed money and food and civilian attire in preference to the uniform. At the present time Tientsin is under the protection of the Christian General, his whereabouts being unknown.

The results of the war in these parts show that Marshall Chang Tso Lin has lost nearly all his power over the Manchurian Province, and is quietly preparing himself for a flight into an unknown part. It is rumored that General Lin Ching Li has again renewed his army of probably 50,000 men and to date has beaten the Third Koumunchin Army, which is part of the Christian General's forces. So things look very promising for a bright future in this vicinity.

COLD WEATHER AT PUGET SOUND

To an old "Bunkie" of mine.

Dear old Pal,

While sitting here in the barracks at the Puget Sound Navy Yard and looking out the window at the dismal, overcast sky, the landscape inundated with typical Washington coast winter rains, and the trees surrounding the building all denuded of their foliage, my mind goes back to the wonderful winters we have spent together in the Marine Corps while on duty in the various tropical posts; and, yes, in some of the posts in the U. S. A.

Don't you remember how sweet and warm the weather was when we were in Vera Cruz in 1914? And how we dreaded the thought of a return to the States before Spring? And how we used to look away off to the northwest and see, shining in the sun, the snow-covered peak of Mount Popocatepetl and shiver luxuriously and give thanks that we were where khaki was a burden to endure? How we did revel in the balmy airs of those days!

And then, like the clap of doom, we were taken away from that idyllic temperature and transported over the waters of the stormy winter Atlantic coast to a bleak December in Philadelphia, where for a little over a month we shivered, and shook, and froze despite the woolen unmentionables, blues, overcoats, gloves, and storm caps until the day came that brought the glad tidings that we were going to Nicaragua way off down in Central America; where, according to the recruiting bulletins all we had to do was to recline in the shade of the palm trees and gormandize on tropical fruits served us by luscious maidens.

And we did make the detail! How prominent in our memories stands out the trip across our mighty continent to old Mare Island! I remember one incident that was excruciatingly illuminating of the small regard for the truth in the methods of the press agents. We had bought papers in Chicago which headlined the death of John Bunny in New York, and made quite a feature of the story, and we all had a little grief to spare; for Bunny held quite a warm spot in most of our hearts, earned by the gleeful hours we had spent watching his inimitable actions on the screen. The next day we landed in the Twin Cities and, having a few hours to lay over there, we proceeded to take a promenade. What

was our surprise to find that the leading playhouse of St. Paul had used up most of the available billboards pasting a notice, flaunting different scenes of the chorus in various stages of undress, from a musical comedy that featured "John Bunny himself and forty beautiful maidens." Can you imagine?

But we left all this behind and sped on over the frozen middle west, encountering temperatures of forty and fifty below zero. Overcoats and steam-heated Pullmans were ineffective against such biting cold, and we consoled ourselves with the thought that soon we would be down where snow and ice were spoken of as things that might be but were doubted.

What a difference we encountered when, a week later, the gold old YORK-TOWN (Gone now; may her bones rest in peace.) dropped her hook in San Diego Bay! Here our blues were uncomfortable and we wished for the khaki; but the warmth did not deter us from enjoying the fair city, and the exposition in beautiful Balboa Park. And remember, this was in early February! Was it a case of love at first sight or was it a premonition that I had finally gazed on the Utopia of my dreams?

We embarked again, with feelings of regret, and were headed south. Hurrah! South is where we wanted to go and south we went. Gradually warmer became the ardor of the sun and finally late in February we dropped anchor in Corinto Bay, and were in a climate that appeared to us to be the best until we found that Corinto at midday was too hot even for us. But Managua! When we rose over the coast range and dropped into Managua on the shores of the lake of the same name, we were sure we had found Eden. And how we did enjoy every minute of our two years there! Of course we growled. What real Marine never growled? There were times when we growled simply to enjoy the brusqueness of the sound. The day finally came when we had to leave and our regrets dealt more with the time of year than the fact that we were going Home. After two years in a foreign country where your native tongue is not understood the word "Home" takes on a new significance.

Homeward bound, but still headed south. That sounds paradoxical, but our Uncle Sam was giving us a pleasure trip and we were appreciating it. Headed South! To Panama! Historic, romantic Panama! Redolent in the perfumes of dead years full of Adventure and Romance; of gold rushers headed, or thinking they were headed, for California; the canal diggers of other races who were only digging their own graves; of narrow streets presided over by those diminutive Panamanian policemen who were supremely indifferent to the whizzing, rattling Lizzies that passed so close to them that the fenders scraped their clothes; of the supreme engineering feat of the age, the Canal, dug by men of our own blood and race; our spines tingled at the thoughts that surged through our minds as we approached that enchanted Isthmus. Dear old Panama. Only there ten short days, but we shall always love every bit of it, even to the picturesque Indian Crones squatting on the curb to sell lottery tickets.

Strange, is it not, we are enchanted and enamored by the sights, sounds, and smells of those weird tropical cities and our own far more wonderful cities leave

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Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler, back to duty after two year cruise in Philadelphia as director of public safety, meets the officers of his new Command, Marine Base, San Diego, Calif.

us unmoved; whereas the denizens of those same tropical cities will sit entranced over a simple postcard depicting some of the most commonplace of our city views? It must be the "lure of over the horizon."

All too soon the KILPATRICK, Army Transport, came and took us away from that wonderful place and returned us to the States, landing us in New York on a cold, miserable, sleety March day, where the very bones in our bodies crinkled at the bite of Boreas. But, to us, this was only Purgatory; for shortly we moved on to Portsmouth, N. H., to encounter temperatures way below zero and snow piled high enough to cause the shivers and chills to course their icy way through our veins until we doubted we had ever been in a place where man could be comfortable. Acclimatization came to our rescue and gradually our blood thickened until we could see some good even in that barren port. And we did like it after we became acquainted and orientated ourselves once more.

As is its habit, time passed, and we found ourselves enroute to Mare Island where we discovered again an approach to the balmy weather our hearts so desired. Over a year passed there and Honolulu next received us into its warm, semi-tropical embrace; and again a feeling of contentment and peace stole over

us and caused time to speed on its way while we basked in the enjoyment of Hawaiian sun and the glorious trade winds that waft their gentle zephyrs over those enchanted shores.

Back again in the good old States and to the Wonder Spot of America, San Diego, Calif. Here we could enjoy all the pleasures of a semi-tropical clime together with the added conveniences of modern America, and the close neighborhood of Tia Juana when our throats became too Volsteadian. Never to leave there was our ardent wish. But the exigencies of the service called us once again and once more we were "Headed South," past our old love, Nicaragua, through our paramour, Panama, over the summer seas to Haiti, and stopped in that hill-enclosed bay to disembark and remain for eighteen months, enjoying, while there, the contact with the weird language, customs, and clothes (or absence of them) of the descendants of Hippolyte et al.; and bringing back with us those untaxable gems—memories of days and nights made fantastic and hideous by the various native celebrations. Celebrations for birth, celebrations for death, celebrations for marriage, celebrations for this, and celebrations for that. Never a day passed but a celebration for some saint, major or minor, was held.

Then to Quantico and thence here to the drizzly northwest where, if you live

two years, you grow webs between your toes. Oh! Shades of warm, dry weather! Will we ever see San Diego again?

Cheer up, Old Man, all things come to an end sooner or later, and when our twenty years is in, we are going to San Diego and dig us a hole large enough for our feet; and after stepping into it, we are going to pour concrete in to insure our never leaving again.

As ever, Old Bunkie,
ENRIQUITO.

PARRIS ISLAND ENTERTAINED BY D. B. SMITH

Local vaudeville talent at Parris Island afforded members of the command much pleasure in a Washington Birthday program.

Corporal D. B. Smith proved his ability by producing a combined minstrel and vaudeville show. His entertainment was composed entirely of members of the command, and the program went off so smoothly that it was difficult to determine whether it was an amateur or professional affair.

LEGLESS AND ARMLESS MARINES ADD FAME TO COL. MAGILL IN CEREMONIAL

What was perhaps the most solemnly impressive memorial service ever held for any Erie citizen took place Saturday night in Elks Auditorium when members of the Marine Corps League detachment gathered to do honor to Col. Louis J. Magill, of the United States Marine Corps, who died five years ago on February 20, 1921.

The program was schemed around a large picture of Col. Magill. The curtain rose on a stage that was in utter darkness. While "At Dawning" was played on the piano, the lights were thrown on, dimly, as Dean Blodgett asked the Great Commander to send Col. Magill's presence for the evening, in a spiritual memory. Reveille was then sounded by a bugler and the lights went full up, revealing the picture of Col. Magill, which had been concealed by an American flag.

National Paymaster Beeg, of Washington, then installed the officers of the Col. Louis J. Magill detachment of the Marine Corps League. These were: Commander Jose E. Rhea, Vice Commander Rudolph Smith, Junior Vice Commander Green, Adjutant Joseph Gallagher and Paymaster Agens.

Frank Hannon, accompanied at the piano by Mr. Miller, rendered "Just Break The News To Mother" and "Good Bye Dolly Gray," two popular Spanish War songs. Then came to the reading of Col. Magill's official record by Commander Joe E. Rhea, and the official presentation of the colors by Mrs. Louis J. Magill. The colonel's widow was accompanied on the stage by her 16 year old son, Bradford Steel Magill, and Col. Magill's brother, Dr. W. J. Magill.

Commander Rhea then introduced Private McQuaid, of the Soldiers' Home, who had been in the battle of Guantanamo, Cuba, with Col. Magill. In answer to the applause McQuaid shook his armless sleeve. Sergeant Archer, of the Erie Lithographing and Printing Co., was then introduced. Archer lost his leg at Belleau Wood while serving with the Fifth Marines.

General Rufus H. Lane was the speaker of the evening. He paid a splendid tribute to the soldierly qualities of Col. Magill. He sketched, briefly, the colonel's service with the Marines, and his own service with him. Then he delivered a scholarly address on the Marines' occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo. He spoke with authority. Not only was Gen. Lane among those who saw service in that troublesome island during the early years of Marine occupation, but as adjutant of the Marine Corps, next in authority to General LeJeune, he has kept in touch with the situation down there. Gen. Lane's address was thoroughly enjoyed.

At the close of the ceremonial, the lights were put out at the last note of "taps", while the American flag descended slowly over Col. Magill's picture. It was a most beautiful ceremonial. Nothing ever done in Erie has exceeded it for impressiveness. Throughout the evening the 112th Infantry band played the musical theme of "Semper Fidelis" and "The Marines Hymn." No other music except the "Star Spangled Banner", was played.

BELLEAU WOOD VETERANS ADOPT ORIGINAL INSIGNIA

The Veterans of Belleau Wood, U. S. Marine Brigade, have adopted the coat-of-arms shown here as the organization's official insignia.

The design contains a complete pictorial story of the Fourth Brigade that served in the late World War.



The emblem topping the insignia, and over and above all, indicates a United States Marine Corps unit. The bar upon which the U. S. Marine Corps Emblem rests, exhibits the Victory Campaign Ribbon and the stars on the ribbon denote the five offensive engagements participated in by the Fourth Brigade.

The shield which embraces the Corps' history has also a place and meaning in the insignia. In former times the shield was a weapon of defense which typifies our entrance into the World War as a defensive army, but as time advanced it has gradually taken to itself the secondary meaning and in these days the shield with decorations is regarded as an escutcheon or coat-of-arms.

The shield is divided into five segments by a large figure four which represents the Fourth Brigade. In the upper left hand segment the figure and letters 5TH represent the Fifth Regiment and the three palm leaves denoting the regimental citations awarded by the Republic of France. In the upper right hand segment the figure and letters 6TH represent the Sixth Regiment and the three palm leaves the regimental citations awarded by the Republic of France. In the centre of the four the figure and letters 6MGB and the two palm leaves stand for the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion and regimental citations also awarded by the Republic of France. The anchor in the lower left hand segment represents the service of the United States Navy as a medical detachment assigned to the U. S. Marine Corps. The cross in the same portion of the shield is representative of the welfare organizations attached to the Fourth Brigade. In the lower right hand corner the replica of the Indian Head in a five pointed star is the insignia of the Second Division of which the Fifth and Sixth Regiments and Sixth Machine Gun Battalion which formed the Fourth Brigade were a part.

The flags of the United States of America decorating either side of the shield represent the forty-eight States from whence U. S. Marine volunteers offered their service to the Nation.

Around the bottom of the coat-of-arms and extending on either side a streamer containing the name of the organization Veterans of Belleau Wood, U. S. Marine Brigade upholds the insignia to which it belongs.

PAYMASTERS MONTHLY REPORT OF DETACHMENT ACTIVITIES February 27, 1926

Name	Place	No. Members
Lucien P. Waldron—Akron, O.	—	—
Atlanta—Atlanta, Ga.	—	—
Ann Arbor—Ann Arbor, Mich.	—	—
Theodore Roosevelt—Boston, Mass.	—	11
Birmingham—Birmingham, Ala.	—	—
Charles J. Lauchheimer—Baltimore, Md.	—	8
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Brooklyn, N. Y.	—	221
Oscar A. Swan—Buffalo, N. Y.	—	—
Chattanooga—Chattanooga, Tenn.	—	—
Charles J. Hershinger—Charlotte, N. C.	—	—
George Budde—Cincinnati, O.	—	—
Cleveland—Cleveland, O.	—	14
Chicago, Ill.—Chicago, Ill.	—	1
Decatur, No. 13—Decatur, Ill.	—	7
Denver—Denver, Colo.	—	24
Detroit—Detroit, Mich.	—	28
Louis J. Magill—Erie, Penna.	—	36
Fort Worth—Fort Worth, Texas	—	—
Nutmeg—Hartford, Conn.	—	—
Jackson—Jackson, Miss.	—	12
J. C. Maloney—Jackson, Mich.	—	14
McLemore Marines—Houston, Texas.	—	19
Simpson-Hoggratt—Kansas City, Mo.	—	—
George R. Newitt—Kingston, Penna.	—	—
Los Angeles—Los Angeles, Calif.	—	—
Louisville—Louisville, Ky.	—	—
Richland—Mansfield, O.	—	20
Milwaukee—Milwaukee, Wisc.	—	—
New Castle, Penna.—New Castle, Penna.	—	—
New Orleans—New Orleans, La.	—	13
New York, No. 1—New York, N. Y.	—	15
Newark—Newark, N. J.	—	2
Boyd William Carey—Omaha, Neb.	—	43
Oklahoma City—Oklahoma City, Okla.	—	1
John Francis Burnes—Parris Island, S. C.	—	63
Pittsburgh—Pittsburgh, Penna.	—	64
Portland—Portland, Ore.	—	25
Rochester—Rochester, N. Y.	—	—
Richmond—Richmond, Va.	—	—
San Diego—San Diego, Calif.	—	—
David R. Kilduff—San Francisco, Calif.	—	31
Joseph Wilkes—Salt Lake City, Utah	—	34
Seattle—Seattle, Wash.	—	52
St. Louis, Mo.—St. Louis, Mo.	—	—
Spokane—Spokane, Wash.	—	69
Syracuse—Syracuse, N. Y.	—	—
Toledo, O.—Toledo, O.	—	3
Tonawanda—Tonawanda, N. Y.	—	21
Tacoma—Tacoma, Wash.	—	15
Tulsa—Tulsa, Okla.	—	—
Washington—Washington, D. C.	—	—
Wichita—Wichita, Kan.	—	1
York, Penna.—York, Penna.	—	11
San Antonio—San Antonio, Texas.	—	15
Members at large	—	7
Total number members	—	900
Total number detachments	—	54

HE GOT HIM

A young Marine sergeant called at the house of a celebrated diagnostician and asked to see the doctor.

"Have you an appointment?" the office nurse asked.

"No, I haven't," the young man replied.

The nurse consulted the doctor's appointment list.

"I think I can work you in after the next patient leaves," she said, "so please go inside that room and take your clothes off."

"Take my clothes off!," the young man exclaimed; "What for?"

"The doctor has made it an absolute rule not to see anybody unless that is done," the nurse said firmly.

"But I don't want to take off my clothes," the young man insisted.

"Then I'm sorry, but you can't see the doctor," the nurse said.

"Well if that's the case, I'm game," the young man said.

A few moments later the doctor entered the room and found the young sergeant awaiting him stark naked.

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "What seems to be YOUR trouble?"

"Doctor," the young man replied, "I called to see if you would sign these consent papers for your son to enlist in the Marine Corps."

CONSOLIDATED NAVY AIR BILL

The House Naval Affairs Committee has consolidated all the various Navy air bills pending into a new bill which was just introduced by Chairman Butler.

The consolidated bill includes the five year air program, command of Navy air stations and promotion of certain Navy air officers as extra numbers. The terms "naval aviator, pilot and naval observer" are carefully defined.

The portion of the bill dealing with the personnel reads:

That hereafter when the term "naval aviator" is used in this act or any other act it shall mean any commissioned officer or warrant line officer in the Navy or Marine Corps who has successfully completed the course prescribed by competent authority for naval aviators and who has been or may hereafter be designated or appointed a naval aviator by competent authority and who has flown alone in a heavier-than-air craft not less than 75 hours and who has flown in heavier-than-air craft a total of not less than 200 hours or who has been in the air, under training, in rigid airships not less than 150 hours and successfully completed the course prescribed by competent authority.

That hereafter when the term "aviation pilot" is used in this act or any other act it shall mean any enlisted man in the Navy or Marine Corps who has successfully completed the course prescribed for aviation pilots and who has been or may hereafter be designated or appointed an aviation pilot by competent authority and who has flown alone in a heavier-than-air craft not less than 75 hours and who has flown in heavier-than-air craft a total of not less than 200 hours.

The term "pilot" shall be construed to mean a naval aviator or an aviation pilot.

That hereafter when the term "naval observer" is used in this act or any other act it shall mean any commissioned or warrant officer in the Navy or Marine Corps who has successfully completed the course prescribed by competent authority as a naval aviation observer and who has been in the air not less than 100 hours and who has been or may hereafter be designated or appointed as a naval aviation observer by competent authority in the Navy.

That hereafter when a line officer of the Navy is to be detailed to the command of a Navy aviation school or of a Navy air station or of a Navy air unit organized for flight tactical purposes he shall be a naval aviator.

Line officers detailed to command of aircraft carriers or aircraft tenders shall be naval aviators or naval aviation observers who are otherwise qualified.

That any officer of the Navy, line, or staff of the permanent rank or grade of commander or lieutenant commander, at the time of the passage of this act who has specialized in aviation for such a period of time as to jeopardize his selection for promotion or advancement to the next higher grade or rank under existing provisions of law and whose service in aviation has been in the public interest be so notified by the Secretary of the Navy and at his own request be designated as an officer who will be carried as an additional number in the next higher grade or rank not above the grade of captain if and when promoted or advanced thereto: Provided, That selection boards in cases of such officers shall con-

sider their consideration to the fitness alone of such officers for promotion, not upon the comparative fitness of such officers.

That hereafter when a line officer of the Marine Corps is to be detailed to the command of a Marine Corps aviation school or of a Marine Corps air station or of a Marine Corps air unit organized for flight tactical purposes he shall be a Marine Corps aviator.

On and after July 1, 1928, not less than 30 per centum of the total number of pilots employed in the Navy on aviation duty shall be enlisted men.

SAN DIEGO NEWS

Gardeners are at present working on the project of making the Base the most beautiful spot in San Diego. Over one thousand trees and shrubs have arrived, and within the next few weeks these will have been set out in various vacant spots throughout the Base. Our "home" will soon be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

* * *

Sergeant Henry B. Hallowell is at the present time honoring us with a visit of about thirty days. The Sergeant bears the title of "The Oldest Marine" and is the proud wearer of fifteen hash marks. He is eighty-six years old and has been on active duty throughout his career; but the healthful life of military service is reflected in the fact that The Oldest Marine appears at least twenty years younger than his actual age.

During the Civil War, Sergeant Hallowell participated in several battles both on sea and land. Of late years he has been engaged in Marine recruiting and publicity work; and is well known from coast to coast.

* * *

Parachute jumping from the Bomber has become so popular here that requests have flooded the office of the Commander of Aircraft Squadrons. Four live jumps have been made from a Martin Bomber, but a ban has been put on jumping until after maneuvers.

On January 22, the new Russel chute was given an official test, using local equipment. Comparative tests show that the chute opens much quicker than the Irving chute now used, and will also open with the shroud lines twisted and under almost any condition of improper packing.

HEADQUARTERS NEWS

Quartermaster Sergeant Frank Miller has been transferred from Aviation, to the Division of Operations & Training, in charge of target practice in lieu of Mr. Graham Wilson, who is resigning on March 1, 1926.

Private Frank McGurty, who missed out on a 2nd Lieut's commission by an eyelash, has been transferred from the Muster Roll Division to the Aviation Division to take the place vacated by QM. Sgt. Miller.

QM. Clerk C. P. Lancaster has received his orders, and leaves for the West Coast on the Henderson, sailing March 25, from Hampton Roads, for duty at the Marine Corps Base, Naval Operating Base, San Diego, California.

The "bonus crowd" gave a farewell luncheon to Everett Hardell, who is leaving early in March for Italy, to continue his musical education. The chow was Chinese but eaten in English.

If it ever quits snowing and warms up a bit, Pop Snyder will be dragging out his big fungo bat. That will be the signal for the boys to begin to limber up their arms, for the opening of the Headquarters baseball season.

Colonel Beadle has appointed Freddie Moore chief scout for the A&I team, and General Lane is worrying over the pitching prospects of the team now that Hardell is leaving.

While the Civilians seem to be having it fairly easy right now the other seven teams in the Marine Corps Bowling League are in the midst of a grand row, with only 6 full games between the second team and the cellar. The averages follow:

TEAMS	G.	W.	L.	P.C.	T'TL. PINS
Civilians -----	54	36	18	.666	25565
Inspectors -----	54	29	25	.537	24436
Adjutants -----	54	28	26	.518	24897
Administrative -----	54	27	27	.500	25612
Audits -----	54	26	28	.481	24255
Commandants -----	54	26	28	.481	23284
Disbursing -----	54	24	30	.444	23705
Clothing -----	54	23	31	.425	24396

High Individual Game—More, Inspectors, 151. Second High Individual Game—Dunavent, Adjutants, 141.

High Individual Set—Oertle, Clothing, 388. Second High Individual Set—Moore, Inspectors, 375.

High Team Game—Administrative, 517. Second High Team Game—Civilians-Adjutants, 515.

High Team Set—Civilians, 1,508. Second High Team Set—Adjutants, 1,476.

Our lady bowlers have bowled two special matches with teams from other leagues; battling percent 500; Edith Brown ran wild in one game with a 135 game, and hasn't come down to earth yet.

The standing of the girls league is as follows:

TEAMS	G.	W.	L.
Eagle -----	60	38	22
Anchor -----	60	32	28
Semper Fidelis --	60	28	32
Globe -----	60	22	38

High Individual Game—Edenton, 121. Second High Individual Game—Brown, 118.

High Individual Set—Edenton, 300. Second High Individual Set—Brown, 280.

High Team Game—Eagle, 434. Second High Team Game—Anchor, 423.

High Team Set—Eagle, 1,191. Second High Team Set—Anchor, 1,180.

The vocation of Saul of Tarsus, later known as Paul, was evidently the flattening of apparel for in one of his epistles he mentions the fact of excluding everything he pressed on.

"Know, oh Epaminondes, that I am now keeping company with the wife of a surgeon."

"Surely, Herodotus, thou should watch thy step."

"Worry not, sage, for each day do I consume an apple."

A FEW MORE STORIES BY EDWIN NORTH McCLELLAN

"RETREAT HELL!"

Verdun had its "They Shall Not Pass!" and Belleau Wood its "Retreat Hell!"

It was the month of June in the year 1918. The Germans were goose-stepping toward Paris. They were almost there. The French were retiring. General Pershing reported that "during the first days of June something akin to a panic seized the city" of Paris, and "it was estimated that one million people left during the spring of 1918." General Pershing also reported that the Second Division, formed partly of the Marine Brigade, "was deployed across the Chateau-Thierry-Paris Road near Montreuil-aux-Lions in a gap in the French line, where it stopped the German advance on Paris."

Woodrow Wilson, the War President, wrote: "Then a body of men, a little body of men—American Soldiers and American Marines—against the protests of French officers, against the command of the remote commanders, nevertheless dared to fill that breach, stopped that advance, turned the Germans back, and never allowed them to turn their faces forward again. They were advised to go back, and they asked the naive American question, 'What did we come over here for? We did not come over here to go back! We came over here to go forward! We didn't come over here to wait, we came over here to fight!' And their very audacity, their very indifference to danger changed the morale of the battlefield."

General James G. Harbord, who commanded the Marine Brigade in the Battle of Belleau Wood, reported on June 3, 1918, that "a retreating French officer gave an order in writing to an American officer to fall back from the position which we have been holding," but "the order was not obeyed!" This "American officer" was Captain Lloyd W. Williams of the American Marines.

Captain Williams reported in writing the incident to his senior officers in these words: "The French Major gave Captain Corbin written orders to fall back. I have countermanded the order. Kindly see that French do not shorten their artillery range." But Captain Williams modified, to suit an official report, the words he actually used, which were: "Retreat Hell, I just got here!"

Observe with care the earnest request that the "artillery" far in the rear "do not shorten" the range. America had established a line which did not know the word "retreat."

Alexander Woolcott (then of the Army and in the neighborhood of Belleau Wood) is what might be termed an eye-witness of this Americanistic incident. In *Home Sector* he wrote that the "story was born of the mood of those wonderful days", and "spread like the flu from continent to continent." "That Captain Williams, of the Marines, getting into position with his company on the first day, was met by an excited French officer who told him

(Continued on Page 28)

THE JIN-RIK-I-SHA

Can you imagine the streets of Tokyo or Yokohama, or Peking or Shanghai, without jinrikishas? I cannot. Yet, during the period in which our American Civil War was being fought and before that, not one rikisha was to be seen on the streets of those cities, or elsewhere in Japan and China. Doubtless this statement will also apply to India, the Straits Settlements, East Indies, and other Oriental countries.

About the year 1851 there wandered into a recruiting rendezvous of the United States Marine Corps a young man who stated his name to be Jonathan Goble. He gave his date of birth as the year 1827 and his birthplace as Wayne, County of Steuben, New York State. He was a farmer. He was accepted in the Corps on December 22, 1851. It was his lot to be selected to serve in the Squadron of Perry that made those fateful visits to Japan, 1853-54. While ashore in Japan, Goble no doubt observed the superabundance of human power and also the absence of vehicles to which that power could be applied. Goble was discharged from the Marines on May 8, 1855. Being of religious tendencies he returned to Japan as a missionary.

"To an American," this same erstwhile Marine, Jonathan Goble, "is due most probably," wrote Inazo Nitobe, "an invention for which many Japanese may be temporarily thankful. The idea of an enlarged perambulator was suggested" by Mr. Goble. "His thought matured in the so-called 'man-power carriage,' the jinrikisha, first used in 1867 or 1868," according to Mr. Nitobe. That Japanese authority also wrote that Goble was just such a man as would suggest a jinrikisha, "being practicable, rather plain, and rather rough in his thought and action." Mr. Kurokawa, another Japanese authority, stated that the jinrikisha was first built by two wainwrights in Tokyo in the year 1871.

Of the billion, more or less, Americans who have ridden in rikishas, probably not more than a baker's dozen knew that they were riding in a vehicle invented by an American.

OUR HUMAN FAMILY TREE

Are you descended from Adam or from Pithecanthropus Erectus? Take your choice, and then forever hold your peace.

Word arrives from Princeton that the scientists have accepted the conclusion that the brain of "Old Pithy" (let's call him that for affection's sake) is "human but low grade," thus deciding in favor of evolution.

Adam wandered around the Garden of Eden, the location of which will never be known to mortal man. That was about six thousand years ago. I say that only because I am so informed. The Honorable Pithecanthropus Erectus was a Javanese who roamed the virgin jungles of his native heath in the East Indies around about half a million years before we were born. I say that also because I am so informed. A gravestone marks the spot at Trinil, East Java, where his cranium, one femur and two of his teeth were found. "Old Pithy" soon received the sobriquet of the "Missing Link" or the "Last Link." He was a man-like ape who walked erect.

He met his death in a rain of volcanic bombs and ashes. Do you claim him as your Great Ancestor?

Pick one or the other. Adam or Pithecanthropus. Put on your coat-of-arms either Adam with the apple or Pithy running rampant on the soggy ground gazing wistfully upward at the trees from which he may have descended. Be proud of either or both, for through your arteries flows the blood of one or the other. But who cares anyway; God's in his Heaven and all's well with the World!

Then with humility, charity, and love, keep well in mind that everybody in this wide world are of one of these first two ancestors. The rendezvous with Death is for us all. We return to whence we came, there to meet both Adam and Old Pithy. There we will learn much, not the least of which will be that the Supreme Creator is our Ancientist Ancestor.

THE MARTIAL MYNAHS ON PARADE

The lava turf of the parade ground, sprinkled here and there with brave patches of sand-burr grass, showed an impudent face to the sun. It cared little or nothing for Old Sol's ultra-heated rays. But the khaki-clad Soldiers of the Sea, standing patiently in several detachments waiting for guardmount to begin, knew it was hot—and they could only suffer and swear beneath their breath, which came and went torrid. At last came Adjutant's call, the signal for guardmount to commence. Next followed Semper Fidelis, the Marines' Own March composed by John Philip Sousa, one of themselves.

Now maybe the Minas did not have a Mynah Band, but they surely did keep step to the Pearl Harbor Marine Band. High above the stirring march of the band came the strident peals of a few mynehs. They must have been leaders; for all others kept silent and held beaks straight to the front. It was a martial array of Birds of War if there ever was one. Yes, look at them! On the smooth baseball diamond. Two groups of Mynas striding as only a Mynah can. Like a New Woman in a skirtless skirt with limbs untrammelled. Stride is the word, not a walk or a march. But what are they doing—the Little Rascals?

The two columns of Leathernecks turned inboard. The two columns of Mynas did likewise—the Little Monkeys. The Gyrenes formed line. So did the Mynahs. If they did not wear uniforms, they were uniform in appearance and everything they did. Almost goose-stepping, those silent—impossible, you say—Mynahs came to halt at the same time as the Marines. Evidently they had been rehearsing. They had leaders. No snapper commands were ever snapped out, and no neater alignment was ever had, than those of the Mynah Marines. And, bless my soul, they passed in review, too! But it couldn't be described. Maybe it shouldn't be described. There was the parade ground; there were the Sea Soldiers; there the Mynahs; there were my eyes and ears; and what you see and hear you believe, don't you? Did the Marines ape the Mynahs or the Mynahs imitate the Gyrenes?

THE LEATHERNECK PRESENTS— LOU WYLIE

It gives us great pleasure to reveal in this issue the identity of one who has for some time past been cheering the hearts of those who read the Leatherneck columns headed "Out of the Brig." From time to time there have also appeared from the pen of this same author very enjoyable poems and short stories, which have furnished our readers with many hours of interesting amusement.

To those who have done duty at New Orleans, Lou Wylie needs no introduction; for it is her happy lot to have merited the unanimous praise of all Marines at that post. To other readers, who are less acquainted with her, we offer this presentation, to which she has very kindly consented. List to what she has to say:

"A good while back I was born, the eldest daughter of poor but honorable parents, on September 2, in the little town of Harrodsburg, Ky., a historic spot located in the Bluegrass section of that grand and glorious state. Any of the boys who have lived there can sympathize with me for having, in such a locality, parents who were both honorable and poor; for, believe me, it's a rich man's land.

"Before I attained the age of ten years, I had represented in person the very gallant General Custer some fifteen or sixteen hundred times, and had been duly massacred by the Indians, represented by a brother two years younger than myself. My mother always insisted that he take me wherever he went; and so, after my brother had acquired the gang spirit, I had four blissful years of fence climbing, trapping for muskrats and foxes, purloining of watermelons and green apples, and cooking in a cave we called the "Robbers' Den." The only stolen thing in the cave was the skillet, and I appropriated that as none of the boys had enough nerve; but all of us had an awful thrill out of the name, nevertheless.

"About this same time I came across a copy of Robinson Crusoe and another of Treasure Island, and from then on my frontier days were over. I fastened a white shawl to a tall, leafless shrub (that during some particularly energetic period in our family life had been planted in a large green tub in our back yard, and later left to die), tied a red middie blouse necktie about my head, and with a newspaper rolled into a telescope sailed the seven seas. I scuttled so many ships and buried so much treasure that I finally got myself into trouble for having the yard full of holes; and my good ship was carted away by the garbage man.

"Prior to this apparent catastrophe, however, there had been born my love of ships and the sea that even to this day keeps shipping masters and wharfmens on the qui vive whenever I appear down at the river; for they have told me they never know whether I am going to throw myself into the river, get tangled up in some of the cargo, attempt to stow away, or prove to be some little wife that's been deserted by a bold, bad sailor husband and who has come down to make a scene with the captain about it. But they have become more used to me now, and even bring me back from foreign ports lamp shades, beads, and impossible brave stories about themselves for me to write up in my sea yarns.

"By the time I reached seventeen my mother broke off my connection with the gang, and also decided I wasn't going in for athletics because the girls were knickers and she thought these were outrageous. This action was taken in spite of the fact that I was supposed to be the best forward on the basketball team of the girls' school which it was possible to get me to attend a few days each week. There was also much talk of war during this period; so my brother and I began to lay plans for the gang to get to New Orleans and stow away aboard some ship that would eventually take us to France, where we were sure we could whip the Germans single-handed. Regardless of this spirit of unrest, however, I stayed at home, gave up the gang, and did everything they wanted me to do; but when my mother wished on me the reading of some Alcott books, I reneged. This brought on a domestic war, and I left home for the big city.

"The city in question had a population of about thirty-five thousand. Here I



Lou Wylie

wrote war poems for the Sunday paper, helped to sell Liberty bonds at night, did volunteer work for the Red Cross, and held down a job as stock clerk, stenographer, and bookkeeper for a candy company for the princely sum of twelve dollars per week. Later I went to Dayton and did rhymes for the Journal and later for Governor Jimmy Cox's Daily News. The day the Armistice was signed I found I had enough money from these activities to get to New Orleans; so I decided I would start out on the way to Mexico. I caught the train that night and arrived in New Orleans two days late, as there was a coal shortage and no steam. Then, too, there had been a wreck which called for a sixty-mile detour. I shamefacedly own, as the wife of a Marine, that there were two "Flatfeet" on the train all the way down from Chattanooga, and that I flirted with them outrageously and perhaps encouraged them to tell terrible lies about themselves. I have found out since that they will do such things, especially if the lady in question seems to be interested in real, dime-novel-thriller heroes.

"I had been in New Orleans only two days when I landed a job at \$125.00 a

month in sales promotion work for an electrical company. I got quite a kick out of it, as the work had formerly been done by a man. There has been no increase in pay since, however. I have also been writing for two years the daily Weather Rhyme for the Times Picayune. During this time I have been vainly trying to collect sufficient funds to continue the trip to Mexico; and in so doing have gotten possession of a near Maltese kitten, two or three pieces of near antique furniture, some queer pictures, a studio in the New Orleans French quarter, a U. S. Marine, and a collection of bills that I never seem to be able to pay.

"I am very fond of baseball, football, horse racing, boxing, flying, and my husband. The husband, who is Sergeant R. E. Roberts, is now doing recruiting duty. I met him May 15, 1924, and we were married in November of the same year. At that time he was a first class private and weighed 165 pounds. He now tips the scale at 198, and says I am the best cook in the United States. I have been trying to convince him he should get a transfer to Asiatic duty so I can go along; for I am sure that if I could get a chance to travel, I might finally be able to sell some of my stuff to something besides the local newspaper."

A SAMOAN HURRICANE

Behind the Hurricane all is peace! But no one lives there. That is reserved for the Fairies. In front of the Hurricane is the doomed area.

It was the First Month of the year 1915. In Front of the Hurricane smiled the Island of Manua, in American Samoa. Coconut plantations, taro and other food, awaited the violent caress of the Great Devastator. Two thousand Souls and more were dependent upon the growing crops that were destined for the Hurricanic Maw. Eight months need elapse before another planting would mature. With courage of heart and head the rehabilitation commenced. Taro planting predominated.

Gall and Bitterness. Worms. They entered the taro stalks where they emerged from the ground. They played worse havoc if anything than did the Hurricane. More Optimism and Courage. Corn, that matures in two months; sweet potatoes that come to fruit in four months; wild arrowroot which yields food in six months, were planted.

Congress of the United States appropriated ten thousand dollars. The Red Cross contributed two thousand dollars. These funds were wisely and economically administered by the Governor, Commander J. M. Poyer, United States Navy, who assumed office on March 1, 1915.

Half the population of the Island, chiefly the older women and younger children, were transported to Tutuila, where adequate food supplies were available. All able-bodied persons remained in Manua to cultivate the crops.

The American Republic, the American Navy, the American Red Cross, and the American People, have a Golden Credit in the Good Book for all that.

**His Days Were Numbered**

There was an old gent from Duluth
Who stepped from a telephone booth;
When he asked for the number,
He was many years younger:
Thus vanished the days of his youth.

"Where've you been all morning?"
"Helpin' the cook around the galley."
"Is he drunk again?"

HAT CHECK GIRL: Aren't you going to give me a tip? Why, the champion tightwad of the town gives me a dime.

IRASCIBLE OLD GENTLEMAN: He does? Well, gaze upon the new champion.—**G.A. TECH. YELLOW JACKET.**

Drill Instructor: Why didja give me that nasty look?

Raw Recruit: You have a nasty look, corporal, but I didn't give it to you.

PROF.: What is your name, please.
STEWDR: Tom.

PROF.: You mean Thomas. And yours, sir?

SECOND STEWDR: Jack; haw, haw, haw!
—**Texas Ranger.**

Father (to Gyrene on furlough): Now that you did duty in Santo Domingo, do you know any Spanish?

Son: Yes, a dozen of them.

BLUSHING NEWLYWED: I want a chair big enough for two.

WISE FURNITURE DEALER: Any chair is big enough for two if you sit on it right.—**Texas Ranger.**

Small Brother: Mother said I was to call you.

Big Brother (sleepily): Three Aces. What you got?—**Pitt Panther.**

HER: Why don't you answer me?

HIM: I did shake my head.

HER: Well, I couldn't hear it rattle clear over here.

—**Bucknelle Belle Hop.**

Don't Drink This

*E. C. Corncob was on a raspberry vinegar spree last night and ran into a barber pole. I asked him if he was all right and he said: "Yes, thanksh, but I never saw a woman with striped stockings kick so hard or high as that one did."—**GOBLIN.***



Non: There's only one thing that keeps me from socking Jones in the nose.

Com: What's that?

Non: Jones.

JAMES: There's a woman peddler at the door, sir.

JIGGS: Show him in, and tell him to bring his samples with him.

—**Colorado Dodo.**

Police Sgt.: What's your name?

Private: Brown.

Police Sgt.: How d'ya spell it?

Wise to Him

CHRONIC BORROWER: Smith just refused to lend me five Iron Men; I didn't think there were such tight men in the Barracks.

OLD TIMER: Oh, yes, there are! I'm another.

HE: I met a swell dame in Columbus last night.

HIM: Zat so? Get her address?

HE: No, you sap, I don't buy women dresses the first time I meet them.

—**Denison Flamingo.**

If the host at a dinner party has one guest to sit on her right hand and another to sit on her left, how does she eat?

She: Harry, darling, am I the first girl who ever asked you if she was the first girl who had ever asked you if she was the first girl you ever kissed?

He: ??—**Denison Flamingo.**

The hobo who slept on the rods of the Twentieth Century Limited has nothing on the Marine who slept on his watch.

"Did you open the windows wide?"
"You bet I did! Pulled the top half all the way down and pushed the bottom half all the way up."—Wesleyan Wasp.****

"Abie, give me a sentence containing 'esquire'."

"Mein mudder sent me to esquire groceries hed not been gesent."

C. O.: Why were you A. O. L. this morning?

Pvt. Miller: I have an excuse, sir.

C. O.: Yes, I've seen her, and she's a pretty poor excuse, too. Deck court!

"Our maid has sharp ears."

"Yes, I note the doors are all scratched up around the keyholes."—Annapolis Log.****

Pedestrian (seeking direction): How can I get to a hospital?

Cop: Fall down and break a leg.

A Hot One

Smoke rolled to the high heavens. Roaring flames leaped and twisted from the top of the doomed building. The police struggled with the gathering crowd, and the gallant firemen battled in vain with the big tenement fire.

Suddenly a tall, emaciated man broke through the firelines and strode rapidly into the blazing building, unprotected by gas mask or rubber coat. Immediately the flames died down, the smoke rolled away and the fire was out. The gaunt stranger strolled peacefully out of the building with a satisfied look on his face. "Who are you, anyhow?" asked one of the crowd.

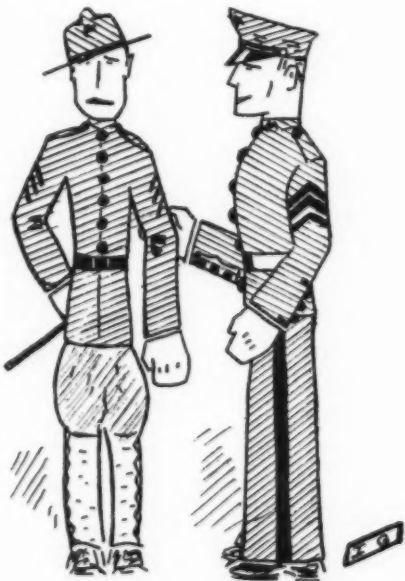
"I'm the retired fire-eater from Barnum & Bailey, and that's the first square meal I have had for years."—*Annapolis Log.*

Life is just one fool thing after another—and love is just two fool things after each other.

A monocle is a pane of glass in one eye in order that its wearer might not see at any one time any more than he is able to understand.

By the beaches, bankers and brokers find beautiful, blonde breakers to bust their big bankrolls.

Why is it that the night falls, but doesn't break; while the day breaks, but doesn't fall?



SCHROEDER: Say, Purdum, do you know that Henley is a lion tamer?

PURDUM: No, is he?

SCHROEDER: Sure, he told me he made lions eat out of his hands.

PURDUM: He ain't no lion tamer, he's a lyin' fool.

FROM THE "RECRUITER"

Hank the Recruiter sez: While sittin' in my office the other day with my feet on my desk and my head on the radiator with erbout six inches of cabbage er burdock leaves protrudin' from my visage, which a guy in a pool room give me, I mean the cigar not my visage, I been rackin' my brains ever since trying to figger out what I ever done to that guy and while trying to do so incerdentially I gets me finger nails full of dandruf.

Well anyways in walks an old coger who looks like a relic of pre-Volstead days with a lad in tow. He sez "Be ye the recruitin' man?" I sez "I be, what kin I do you fur?"

He sez "I want my sun Oskur here to join the Marines so he can see some of the sights of the world sich as marines in a pay line."

Well sez I "That is a purty sight, I would like to see that again myself." "I sez son you join the marines and will see sights sich as you would never see otherwise like fur instance Yamesee, P. I. haircuts, pajamas and square faced gin.

Well I looked this Oskur over. He had an open and invitin' countenance. It was open from year to year and invited everything that cud be et to get within reach.

Well after I looked some more I come near bustin out crying I was so homesick.

He reminded me of the old mare at home which us kids used tu ride cause she was to old tu help herself.

He puffed like he had a light touch of the heaves or maybe the thumps, anyway it didn't sound just rite.

So I backed him against the wall and sez Oskur, read that there third line from the bottom on that there keard over there. Oskur starts off "ten, eleven, twelve", and I sez "hey I mean on that white keard. He sez I am readin the only keard I see. You see his eyesight wasn't eggastly normal as he culdn't see nuthin but the kalender.

Well then I backs Oskur up against the wall to take his measurement. He measured sixty-seven inches but so help me hanner if the Lord hadn't turned so much of Oskur down fur feet he would have been close to eight feet. They was so big that they looked like these mud scows as is viewed floatin down the Potomic by numerous Marines on the banks of ther same Potomic at Quantico, Virginia.

So I sez to Oskurs Pa, I sez, your sun Oskur dozen't measure up to ther stand-erds of ther Marine Corps so I must reject him.

Mister, I sez, why don't you get your sun Oskur a job with the buildin trades as everybody knows that the most important part about building is a good foundation.

Wall, heres hopin that ther next man has a better chassis cause I smell pine trees and slippery mud.

A friend of mine stopping at the same hotel where Jack Dempsey was staying, told me the other day that he beat Jack Dempsey up. I said, "Why don't you go into the ring?" My friend replied, "I didn't lick Dempsey, I only beat him up. I arose at 5:00 a. m., and he didn't get up until after nine o'clock."



CAPTAIN: (Shaking hands with an applicant) Good bye, son, I wish you well; and the next time I see you, I hope you are a Second Lieutenant.

APPLICANT: Thank you, sir, I hope you the same.

"Hey, Nigger, where did you all get dat diamond?"

"Why, my Uncle died and left me \$5,000 to erect a stone to his memory, and, Snowball, dat am de stone."

FULLER: Hello, is this Harriett?

REPLY: Yes.

FULLER: Do you still love me?

REPLY: Yes, who is it?

JUDGE: Arrested for wearing a one-piece bathing suit?

COP: Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE: Shocking! What excuse did the young lady have?

COP: Ah, Your Honor, you should have seen her excuse.

Didjever walk across the bridge of your nose, or listen to the band on your hat?

A Wichita policeman who was walking his beat one day came across a dead horse in the street, so upon investigating the case made a report to the chief at headquarters: "Hello, Chief, this is Pat Mulligan. I found a dead horse and what shall I do with him?"

"Where did you find him?", asked the chief.

"Up on Douglas Avenue", said Pat.

"And where are you now?", asked the chief.

"I'm on College Hill."

"And what in the 'ell are you doing on College Hill?"

"Ah!", said Pat, "I couldn't spell Douglas Avenue, so I brought him up here."



MOVIE FAN: Didn't Gloria Swanson look great in *Clothes*?

'NOTHER: You should have seen her in *The Sheik's Tent*.

—Pitt Panther.



Published on the 10th and 25th of each month by the United States Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C.

FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EDUCATION

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BALTIMORE OFFICE
The Industrial Building

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Subscription Rate.....\$3.00 a Year

CRITICISM

To the Editor: "I was surprised today to pick up a copy of THE LEATHERNECK and see the many changes that have taken place in so short a time.

"The story by Don Hyde was exceptionally good. I was stationed in Anse a Pitre and know of the conditions of which he wrote. Why not print a story in every issue? Every man in the Marine Corps has a story of some kind which would make good publication material. Hundreds of plots could be taken from occurrences in the Republic of Haiti alone.

"During my short stay on recruiting duty, I have found that with the exception of the District Headquarters, very few districts are in the habit of subscribing to THE LEATHERNECK. All Sub-districts should subscribe, as all recruiters are more or less sources of information to the public at large on things pertaining to the Marine Corps. THE LEATHERNECK furnishes all this necessary information."

Very truly yours,
Theodore M. Stephenson.

Atta boy, Stephenson! That's what we like to have you do—criticize. This is your magazine. It belongs to each and every man who wears, or has ever worn, the globe, anchor, and eagle on his helmet. If you fellows like any special features of THE LEATHERNECK, tell us; and we shall try our best to continue them. If you don't like any particular characteristic of your magazine, say so; we shall try to eliminate it.

Appropos of this subject, we agree with Sergeant Stephenson that there are throughout the Marine Corps numerous stories that ought to be passed along via THE LEATHERNECK; but we cannot print them until they are sent in to us. So, fellows, if you have any experiences

that would make interesting reading, or any ability to write an amusing story, send in your wares. We'll take care of them.

We also agree with Sergeant Stephenson in his contention that all sub-districts should subscribe to THE LEATHERNECK. We would go a step further and say that all Marines should subscribe, either for themselves or for relatives back home. THE LEATHERNECK is no longer a pamphlet jammed full of meaningless statistics; it's a full-fledged magazine; and the circulation manager is never too busy to fill your order for a year's supply. Send it in.

THE TACNA-ARICA PLEBISCITE

The Plebiscitary Commission of the Tacna-Arica Arbitration, convening in the little Chilean coast town of Arica, to bring about a plebiscite to determine the ultimate sovereignty of the departments known as Tacna and Arica, which have been in dispute since the War of the Pacific of 1879 between Chile on one side and Peru and Bolivia on the other, took a long step forward last Wednesday, January 27th, when the Commission, presided over by General John J. Pershing, adopted the Registration and Election Regulations for the conduct of the free, fair, and orderly plebiscite contemplated by President Coolidge, the Arbitrator, in his Award delivered last March. The proceedings of the Commission up to this point have been a long and tedious effort since last August to bring about a satisfactory plebiscitary atmosphere in the province which would be entirely free and fair to both Chile and Peru, the contestants for sovereignty. With this end in mind the President of the Commission, General John J. Pershing, has given his best energy and efforts, to the extent that it became necessary for him to leave for the United States on the U. S. S. *Denver* of the United States Special Service Squadron last Wednesday, January 27th, in order to recuperate his health and vitality expended in the cause of democracy and arbitration in South America, and particularly in the cause of Chile and Peru. One of his last official acts was the promulgation of the all important Registration and Election Regulations.

General Pershing's absence is stated to be for only two or three months after which time he will return to Arica to take his place once more as President of the Plebiscitary Commission of which His Excellency, Don Agustin Edwards is Chilean Commissioner and His Excellency, Manuel Freyre y Santander is Peruvian Commissioner. Major General William Lassiter formerly in command of the troops in the Panama Canal Zone has replaced General John J. Pershing as President of the Plebiscitary Commission which is now going forward rapidly with its preparations for the plebiscitary vote.

The U. S. S. *Cleveland* has relieved the U. S. S. *Denver* in Arica.

—F. F. Birnbaumer.

The War of the Pacific mentioned in the above article was concluded by the Treaty of Ancon (1883), which stipulated that the provinces of Tacna and Arica, in the southern part of Peru, should remain in possession of Chile for a period of ten years, at the expiration of which

a plebiscite was to decide whether these two provinces were to belong permanently to Chile or to Peru. This treaty also provided that the country to which the territory was awarded should pay the other ten million dollars. Since 1893, however, Peru and Chile have been unable to agree on the terms of the plebiscite, and the territory in question has been a source of continual international dispute between these two countries.

The matter was finally referred to a neutral board of arbitration of which President Coolidge was the head. Last year a commission was appointed to draft terms and means of holding the plebiscite in accordance with the Treaty of Ancon. General Pershing was chosen to preside, and he sailed last July from Key West on the USS *ROCHESTER*. Since that time he has remained in South America until ill health has forced his temporary resignation and resulted in the appointment of General Lassiter as chairman of the commission. The following is General Pershing's last word to the people of the plebiscitary area:

"In addressing a word to the electorate of the Province prior to my departure for a period of temporary absence it pleases me to say that my already deep interest in the just outcome of the plebiscite has increased with my personal experience among you and that your welfare and happiness have become my sincerest wish. Indeed, primarily the importance of the plebiscite is largely based upon the measure of contentment it will bring the people.

"As President of the Commission my sole thought has been to insure to all electors in the plebiscite the right unmolested to express their will at the polls and thus peaceably determine the eventual sovereignty over a territory which holds so much that is for them worth while.

"After the most earnest consideration, just rules and regulations under the Award have been adopted by the Commission to fix the qualifications and safeguard the rights of voters on both sides of the contest. The strict application of these rules will provide an opportunity for all electors freely to register their names and cast their votes.

"In any fair and honest plebiscite the people are expected to mingle in a spirit of friendly tolerance on both sides, and any act during the period that might interfere with the freedom and independence of the people would directly violate the obligation that every participant owes his neighbor.

If justice is to prevail, as it must, we shall see contestants foster and encourage amicable relations with each other and maintain toward each other an attitude of deference and consideration. Every worthy patriot of either party will frankly acknowledge and respect the patriotic sentiments of his opponents, and everyone who violates this spirit thus declares himself unpatriotic and an enemy to his country's cause.

"It is not a weakness to be tolerant, nor a sacrifice to be fair; both are demanded by patriotism. Intolerance by the overzealous is inconsistent with the maintenance of law and order, without which there can be neither a just nor a peaceful solution of the problem.

"It is of little value to proclaim that each elector has a right to vote according to the dictates of his own conscience un-

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less both contestants adopt and honestly adhere to the sportsman's idea of a square deal.

"That men should adhere to their heritage of patriotism is a worthy thing and should command respect instead of animosity. Without harmony and good feeling neither peace nor happiness is possible, but where there is tolerance and friendly cooperation bitterness and hatred must disappear.

"Among all peoples there is an obligation that rests upon the educated and refined to teach the less fortunate moderation and forbearance and it ought to be the aim of recognized leadership to promote and encourage mutual understanding and fair dealing.

"We are not only engaged in a contest for the title to this historic province, but we are here to carry out legally a solemn agreement made between two great peoples and open the door of lasting peace between them. The responsibility falls to the leaders and the electorate of both sides to adopt a generous tolerance toward their political opponents.

"With a keen interest in the welfare of the people of this territory, I wish in conclusion to address myself earnestly to each and every individual either of high or low estate, whether Chilean or Peruvian, and urge that you do unto others as you would have others do unto you, and on this firm foundation build securely an edifice of permanent peace."

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford,
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.

Gunnery Sergeant Don Hyde, who has written such excellent material for the columns of THE LEATHERNECK recently, is the son of a popular Congregational minister in Maine. Hyde has a fine record of forty-four months' service in Haiti, while his painstaking work in the book storeroom of the M. C. I. has always given the greatest satisfaction.

The Chief Inspector of the M. C. I. Industrial School is rejoicing over the arrival of a youngster to whom his wife and himself have given the well-known Christian names of Robert Lee. August has put in 9½ years service and is now taking a course in Nursing and Child-training. More power to you, boy!

Recruiting Sergeant Lee of Albany is exerting a fine influence in that city, and there is every prospect of New York's capital providing some outstanding material for Parris Island in the near future.

The Newark boys are always putting in some excellent work, and the people of the city recognize the Recruiters as splendid examples of Marine Corps men. A messenger boy was run over by a truck recently, and while others frantically rushed to telephone for an ambulance, Sergeant Harry Coyne simply stopped a taxi and carried the boy during the journey to the hospital. Unfortunately, the boy was too badly injured to have a chance of recovery, but the marine's speedy action received most favorable comment from the newspapers.

It's been pretty cold in Lakehurst lately. In fact, those who have had to "stand

by", even in good weather, have declared that the place is rather bleak. Therefore, when hit by blizzards of snow and days of frost and ice, it becomes a good deal more so. Nevertheless, I found the men in fine spirits, many of them learning to skate for the first time. The utmost sympathy was being expressed for Major Dixon in the loss of his mother, and for First Sergeant Jas. L. Wilson over the passing of his mother.

Gunnery Sergeants John E. Allen and Claudius E. Chambers have both seen and given excellent service, chambers being known as one of the best pistol and rifle shots in the country. He has been a coach at the Quantico Rifle Range. Sergeant R. H. Barnouske reported in from the Tropics in August, and has thus enjoyed a thoroughly effective breaking-in for the winter. Martin Carroll is a sergeant known in the Marine Corps as the man who doesn't comb his hair—not that he hasn't any, but Carroll wouldn't look himself if he lost that jolly, good-natured appearance which his partially curly locks always give him.

Of the other sergeants, Henry Dahms was lost at Norfolk after his Haitian tour of duty. Thomas Howard also served in Haiti; he will still argue on either side of any question. William Lopinski is known as "Lopinkow, the Boy Chess-player", which reminds me that Lakehurst has some good men at the ancient game. Then there is "Soko", the violinist, whose right name is Sigmund Nowosadko; and Elmer Shambough, the bayonet specialist.

Of the Lakehurst corporals I must speak in another issue. Suffice it is to mention that from "Old Ironsides" Sangberg to "Abee" Abromovitz, who with Moran, uses a terrible Scotch brogue, they are a lively bunch; and of them and the escapades of the rest of the gang a whole issue of THE LEATHERNECK would be necessary.

Bernie Burdick, after nineteen years in the Corps, has at last landed in Dover. The First Sergeant has seen seven years of sea duty and has served in Honolulu, the Philippines, Cuba, Vera Cruz, Panama and the West Coast. QM Sergeant Warren L. Granger was stationed at Dover during the War, and has now returned for another tour. Sergeant Thomas Harrison, who for eighteen years has roamed the world as a first class Marine, has now charge of the excellent mess provided for the men of the Dover Detachment.

Torn From My Scrapbook

The Ancient Riddle, given in the issue of February 10, has received quite a lot of attention. The replies are still coming in; but, in order that the answer can be printed in the March tenth issue, I am giving here the solution as sent in by Sergeant Gallagher:

"Dear 'Doc',

"The solution is 'the great fish', or 'whale', which swallowed Jonah.

"In Gen. 2:19 we are told God brought all things made to Adam and whatever he called them, that was the name thereof. Then Adam never saw the whale again.

"In Jonah 1:17 we are told Jehovah prepared a great fish to swallow Jonah; and, in Jonah 2:1, that Jonah prayed unto Jehovah his God out of the fish's belly, so that we may be sure that for a short period of time, or for three days, the whale had a living soul.

"That the fish 'obeyed his maker's will' we are told in Jonah 2:10 that Jonah spake unto the fish and it vomited Jonah upon the dry land.

"Since whale oil is a great oil for lighting purposes, it is natural to suppose that, by the death of the whale, great numbers of people will obtain the oil for light.

Sincerely yours,
Earl S. Gallagher, Sgt.,
Washington, D. C."

My scrapbook contains so much material of all sorts that, as I tear things loose, I shall hope that the contents will be of help to someone.

BEWARE OF SITTING STILL

Beware the deadly sitting habit
Or, if you sit, be like a rabbit
Who keepeth ever on the jump
By springs concealed beneath his rump.
Eschew the dull and slothful seat
And move about with willing feet!
Man was not made to sit atrace
And press, and press and press his pants
But rather with an open mind
To circulate among his kind.
And so, my son, avoid the snare
Which lurks within a cushioned chair;
To run the race, it has been found,
Both feet must be upon the ground.

The writer of these lines would, I feel sure, agree also with Dr. Johnson, who said, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Let us get to the task with all the force of our character, and, though it be a trifle, do it thoroughly and well.

AN EXPLOSION

"Sambo, I don't understand how you can do all your work so quickly and so well," relates a Louisville dealer.

"I'll tell yuh how 'tis, boss. I sticks de match ob enthusiasm to de fuse ob energy—and jes' natchurally explodes."

If a buddy needs your help, just

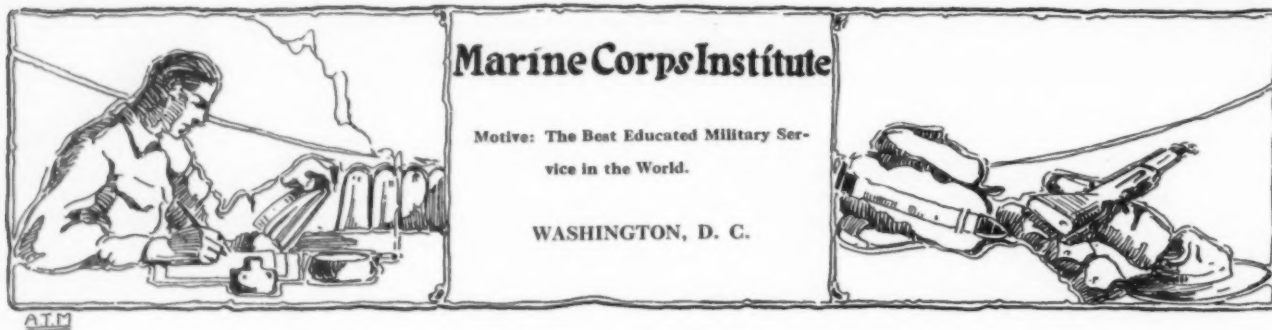
Give him a lift! Don't kneel in prayer,
Nor moralize with his despair;
The man is down and his great need
Is ready help, not prayer and creed.

'Tis time when wounds are washed and healed,
That the inward motives be revealed;
But now, whate'er the spirit be,
Mere words are but a mockery.

One grain of aid just now is more
To him than tomes of saintly lore;
Pray, if you must, pray in your heart,
But give him a lift, give him a start.

The world is full of good advice,
Of prayer and praise and preaching nice;
But the generous souls who aid mankind
Are scarce as gold and hard to find.

Yours all the time,
John H. Clifford.



March 1, 1926—Semi-Monthly Report

Total number individuals enrolled.....	7788
Total number enrolled since last report.....	334
Total number disenrolled since last report.....	282
Number examination papers received during period.....	2407
Number examination papers received during year.....	10149
Total number graduates to date.....	2763

Written especially for THE LEATHERNECK for the purpose of encouraging Marines to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the Marine Corps Institute

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
WASHINGTON

July 24, 1925.

Major General John A. Lejeune,
Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps,
Washington, D. C.

Dear General Lejeune:

On my return from an extended field trip I find your letter of June 22 with reference to the Marine Corps Institute. I was particularly interested in the number of men who have pursued correspondence courses in agriculture and your statements with reference to the number of agricultural courses taken by certain individuals. This is a fine piece of work and the Department of Agriculture is glad to cooperate in every way possible with the Marine Corps in promoting it. I am sure that the Institute is of great benefit to the men, both during their service in the Marine Corps and after their return to civil life.

Sincerely,

W. M. JARDINE,
Secretary.

The Marine Corps Institute offers you a selection of 248 academic and vocational courses containing the latest information about the subjects to which they pertain. The average cost of these courses if taken by a civilian with a correspondence school would be One Hundred Fifty (\$150.00) Dollars. THEY ARE GIVEN FREE TO ALL MARINES.

Ask your school officer for a catalogue, select a course in which you are interested and then fill out the attached slip and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

I DESIRE TO ENROLL IN THE.....COURSE.

Rank	Name	Organization	Place
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INKADIER LETTERS

By John (Skipper) Culnan, U. S. M. C., '16-'24
Drawings by CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

No. 15. WE TAKE ON A LITTLE LIVESTOCK

Breuvannes, France,
1 November, 1917.

Ed Turner bought a lamb. True, Ed is chief inkadier of the First Battalion, Fifth Marines, but there is nothing in Rocks and Shoals which authorizes a man even in that exalted grade to assume proprietorship of any such quadruped.

But Ed countered that there's nothing in Rocks and Shoals to prohibit it, either. Accordingly he anchored his pet in a vacant barracks, and christened her "Battle-wagon."

Inkadier Turner is no doubt the most foresighted man in the regiment. He buys a lamb in October for the *Piece de resistance* of a Christmas banquet that he is planning for his gang.

Alas, at Saturday inspection the battalion adjutant looked into the vacant barracks and found Battle-wagon training for the spring season by way of a few gambols.

Returning to his office, the adjutant dictated to his chief inkadier the following order:

"The owner of the lamb which was found confined in Barracks 13 at inspection, this date, will remove the animal from the battalion area tout de suite."

When Ed had typed the order with his wonted precision, he donned his bonnet and strode toward the door.

"Where away?" queried the adjutant.

"To carry it out, sir," said Ed.

"The order?"

"The lamb," confessed Ed.

At any rate, dogs aren't taboo. Recently Gunnery-Sergeant Jerry Finnegan sustained a wrenched ankle that put him on the binnacle list. He hobbled painfully, and had to use a cane. On that same day there blew into camp the most military dog in history.

He was a mongrel, with straight black hair and a few tan splotches for camouflage. His right front leg had been broken and evidently never set, but had nonetheless knitted, and was still partially serviceable. Half way between the knee and

the paw, his leg angled off violently to the right, and when he would come to a halt he would rest the paw lightly on the ground a few inches behind and to the right of the front left.

His christening was the most spontaneous one on record. He spotted Jerry hobbling down the company street when he

"You said it," came from all sides.

Since then Parade Rest has never left Jerry's heels. He follows him on and off the drill field, and warms Jerry's feet at night. A one-man dog if there ever was one, but nevertheless the darling of the entire company, and the gap caused by the tragic disappearance of Skidoo at

Quantico is closed again.

Over at Bourbonnelles-Baines a short time ago, an old French villager was out before dawn with his shotgun, in quest of a rabbit or two. What looked to him like another planet sank gradually to the ground a few yards from him.

It was the enemy dirigible L-49, astray on her return from a London air raid. Her complement stepped out of the sea-going cabin suspended amidships. The old Frenchman cocked his shotgun.

"Kamerad!" cried the commander, and the crew all reached for the sky. The native turned them over to village authorities, and postponed his rabbit hunt for a quieter day.

A few of us hiked over to the scene on the following Sunday. Already the French had reduced the great craft to a skeleton of aluminum and the skulls of a few cabins.

French sentries kept throngs of souvenir hunters outside the roped area around the monster. For ten centimes, however, these same French sentries would slash off a bit of silk from the remaining portions of the dirigible's hide and hand it to you when the O. D. turned his back.

It seems that a war is going on somewhere to the north and east of us. The French are wondering when we're

going to finish our rehearsals and make our first night bow. We're wondering the same thing.

"But what is more important," puts in Tommy Dale, "is this: Who got Ed Turner's goat?"

Ed hoists glass of Jean Blanc.

"Ewe did," he declared, and the drinks were on Tommy.



What looked to him like another planet sank gradually to the ground a few yards from him.

first arrived in camp, and trotted up to the old-timer as if to say.

"We cripples have got to stick together."

When the dog brought up to a halt, a roar of glee went up from all who were on the street.

"It's old Parade Rest in person!" declared Jerry Finnegan.



S-P-O-R-T-S



LADIES BASKETBALL TEAM PARRIS ISLAND



Left to right, first row—Mrs. H. T. Nicholas, Mrs. O. T. Bartoe (captain), Mary Louise Johnson, mascot; Mrs. J. F. Blanton, Mrs. N. Johnson. Second row—Mrs. G. L. Good, Mrs. C. H. Mediary, Mrs. R. W. Jeter. Top—Mrs. E. A. Robbins.

"NUMBER 13" NO JINX TO NEW LONDONERS

Starting the season with a victory, the Marines of New London have been going strong, passing the jinx game, better known as "Number Thirteen", on the 12th of February. In the thirteen games played, these Leathernecks have scored 438 points to their opponents' 155.

This undefeated quintet has played some of the fastest teams in the state and is setting a record for other Marine teams to shoot at.

Manager Heller books the games and looks after the finances. Chris Moore is Captain, also the star forward and mainstay of the team, and Irish Nadler, his running mate, plays the other forward. Davie Goodman, who joined this post from Quantico, tried out for the team and plays the game as though gifted from birth. Lufkin Stone, running mate at guard with Goodman, plays a wonderful game, and between the two of them very few shots get through. Then comes the New Britain Shiek, George E. Halloran, who holds down center. Chicken Painter and Wild Bill Chapple, the former playing forward and the latter center, make excellent substitute material. Wilbur Heller is their trusty press agent.

New London vs. Portsmouth Naval Prison should be a good match.

FENTON TO COACH PARRIS ISLAND NINE

Lieutenant Fenton whose splendid work on the west coast with the Mare Island baseball team is well-known, has recently been ordered to Parris Island where he will coach the baseball nine this season. Lieut. Fenton has just completed his tour of duty in the Golden West and will leave there on the first transport available in April, arriving at Parris Island some time in May.

BASKET BALL TROPHY WON BY PORTSMOUTH DETACHMENT

"Silence is Golden", has been the motto covering all athletic activities of the Marine Detachment at the U. S. Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H., during past seasons but our slogan has now been changed to "It Pays to Advertise", hence this narrative in the Corps medium for the dissemination of useful information.

The Basket-Ball season is about over and the followers of this sport will soon turn their attentions to the "National Passtime" but the fever of enthusiasm, and the spirit of success, will burn forever in the hearts of this Detachment over the achievements of their Basket-Ball Team during the 1925-26 season.

A total of twenty games have been played during the season of which fifteen were posted to the credit side of the score book giving the team a season's average of .750 to date. The pinnacle of success, however, was the victory in the Portsmouth Amateur Basket-Ball League in which they won the season's Championship Silver Trophy. This brought the League average up to .800 which was .200 higher than their closest rival for championship honors.

We claim that we have the best service team on this coast and are anxious to meet anyone who wishes to contest the claim. We hope to hear from the Quantico and Philadelphia Marines. For information write Captain R. L. Nelson, U. S. M. C., Post Athletic Officer, U. S. Naval Prison, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H.

Those who wore the Basket-Ball uniform and who won such splendid success for themselves, their post, and the Corps in general are:

W. P. Boyle, H. B. Martz, H. E. Berserich, John Lea, A. Krueger, J. S. Cunningham (Captain), J. Schwartz, M. E. Marowitz, W. Smith, V. V. Ducote.

Points won, 625; points lost, 424.

Can New London compete with this?

February 19, 1926.

From: Secretary of the Navy.
To: Major General Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps.

SUBJECT: Football Game for the President's Cup.

1. In view of the prospective schedule of the U. S. Fleet, it is impracticable to assign a ship's team to compete for the President's Cup in 1926. The team from the U. S. Marine Corps is, therefore, designated to represent the Navy and Marine Corps.

CURTIS D. WILBUR.

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SHORTS ON SPORTS

A recent statement issued by the Secretary of the Navy states that an enlisted team from the Navy will not be assigned this year to compete for the President's Cup. It also states that the Marine Corps' eleven is designated to represent both branches of the Naval Service.

This comes as more or less of a shock, as football fans had looked forward to witnessing the Marine and Navy clash the coming season. In 1924 an eleven was sent from Quantico, on very short notice, to New York to meet a team representing the Navy to play for the President's Cup. That being the first year the Cup was offered. The Marines were defeated and the Navy eleven later in the season met, and were beaten by the Army in Washington, which gave the latter service first possession of the coveted Cup.

Everyone knows the story of 1925. However, it is hoped that succeeding years will find a Navy team in the running, for there is nothing sweeter than good, stiff competition in any sport, especially when a trophy of such proportions as the President's Cup is at stake.

Well, the big baseball squad has moved South for Spring training. And what a covered wagon it was that shoved off from Quantico for Beaufort and points along the way. Headed by Coach Keady and Manager Captain Howard they sure looked like the big leaguers they are.

Among the chosen few who left Virginia and the mud were Stock, Bailey, Freeny, Chenoweth, Duncan, Fox, Hetrick, Bukowy, Hannah, Parsons, Banta, Maddes and White. Besides this array of old timers were many new comers, among whom were Monteith, Brinkman, Hudson, Surface, O'Toole, Appleby, Vitek, Saunders, Cavannaugh, Hirsko, Harper and McGowan.

Around March 13th the team will start north on one of the most pretentious schedules ever arranged for any baseball nine. Games with many of the largest collegiate nines in the country have been arranged by Major J. C. Fegan, Athletic Officer of the Corps.

At this writing the finals in the Quantico Inter-Post Basketball Leagues have not as yet been played off. What a series that will be!

The players entered in these teams will not have played in vain this season as they have all been watched very closely for possible material to form the nucleus of next year's All-Marine Five, which is to be assembled at Philadelphia in the late fall with a schedule that will take any fan's appetite and turn it in-side-out.

Bozo Duncan, who was playing center on one of the quintettes entered in the Post league at Quantico was heard to say the other day: "Gee, I thought this was an easy game." But I am all wrong, yea Bo and wet too".

Madison Garden has nothing on the Post gym when they pull a boxing card at Quantico. Even the fellow that sells peanuts near the Chaplain's office closed up and went over.

Had a note from a feller on the U. S. S. Tulsa the other day and he says that packet moves more ways than a Charleston dancer, even when she is riding at anchor in a quiet bay.

He goes on—"If this is Tulsa give me old Boston on a wet night— Yours, A. Storm.

Isn't that nice? A storm writing about a poor old sea-going wagon that can't keep still.

With reference to the notice in the last issue asking if the boys at Quantico would write in and state whether they would object to paying admission to witness boxing bouts at that Post, we would like to state that this information would be greatly appreciated. At this time we would like to thank those who answered. We'll announce the ballots later.

SOCK-O

A reader of this column has very kindly submitted a little general information regarding Walter Vance, one of the Corps' leading lightweight. Excerpts from his letter follow:

"In view of the fact that an article appeared in the last THE LEATHERNECK stating that Walter Vance was to meet Frankie Cheslock for the Corps' title, I wish to give you a little information regarding Vance. This is not second hand or hearsay. It is simply what I have observed from actually being in the ring with him. Vance is a very good right-handed hitter and has a fair left-hand hook. He is strong and tough when in condition. But he telegraphs his best right drives which makes him an easy target for a right cross or left hook. Another thing he needs most is the speed to carry the fight to his opponent. A fast man can hit Vance three or four times and get away, but in my opinion the man that plants himself and slugs with Walter had better be pretty good."

It is, and always has been this writers opinion that what the writer states above is a statement of real facts. A little advance info tells us that Frank Cheslock is rearin' to meet Vance under any conditions, and to this end has kept himself in tip-top condition. Cheslock has been fighting consistently, with the exception of a few months, for the last seven years, and, although he hasn't gained a great deal, has never lost an inch. They will have to build an addition twice the size of the Quantico gym the night Walter Vance meets Frankie Cheslock.

"Earning a very slight decision from the judges, Tiger Flowers, Atlanta colored battler, was awarded the middle-weight title in his recent bout over the 15 round route with Harry Greb, famous ring veteran."

The above paragraph sums up the fall of Greb, the Pittsburgh Windmill, from the high and mighty seat he has occupied for the past three years, since he won the title from Johnny Wilson at the Polo Grounds, New York, in 1923.

The unanimous opinion of the newspaper sporting writers present was that they had never before seen Harry Greb in such terrible condition. The problem to solve now is how badly out of condition was he? The reason for the riddle is that Greb has always been famous for his ability to fight, and fight often,

although out of training and the well known condition. He has, and always will be known as the man who trains on cigarettes, dancing and late hours. Yet in all of his 200 fights or more with every one from welterweight to heavy, he has been able to lead the fight from the first gong. To this end he has been called the "marvel of the age."

It is expected that a return match will be offered shortly and until then we will do no more speculating on Harry's short-comings.

TRAMP: Give us tuppence for a bed, boss?

SANDY: Weel, I might—show us the bed first.—London Mail.

A Marine's Teeth!

Are no different from civilian teeth. They are subject to the same attacks, the same diseases. The same care is necessary to keep them in good shape.

Your teeth are only as healthy as your gums. By keeping them firm and strong you take no chances with the dread Pyorrhea of which 4 out of 5 are victims.

Forhan's For the Gums is a most effective agent in the fight against this insidious disease.

Don't wait for tender, bleeding gums to warn you of Pyorrhea's coming. Ward it off by going regularly to the dentist and using Forhan's twice a day—it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps your mouth fresh, clean and wholesome.



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More than a tooth paste
—it checks Pyorrhea



SETS NEW SWIMMING RECORD

Lieutenant W. G. Farrell, former Marine aviator, at present stationed at Marine Corps headquarters, Washington, D. C., has recently been notified by A. A. U. officials that he is the holder of the world's record of the 440-yd. breast stroke swim. He attained this record on July 11, 1925, while swimming in the upper Potomac River, off the Washington Canoe Club, of which he is a member.

Lieutenant Farrell is far from a beginner in aquatic events. Back in 1914 and 1915 he was swimming for the New Trier High School at Winnetka, Illinois, and for the Lane Technical High School of Chicago. While a student at the latter institution, he was the inter-scholastic swimming champion. In 1915, he was a member of the swimming team of the famous Chicago Athletic Association, more commonly known as the "Cherry Circle." During 1915-16 he was the 100-yd. breast stroke junior champion in the Central Amateur Athletic Union, and also held the junior championship for the 100-yd. back stroke. His next aquatic venture was playing on this association's water polo team, which held third place for the national indoor championship. A short time later he was a member of the Central Amateur Athletic Union outdoor team that defeated the national indoor championship team.

After his return from the Mexican border and while on duty as flight instructor at the naval station at Pensacola, Florida, in 1922, Lieutenant Farrell held the 100-yd. breast stroke championship for the Southeastern A. A. U., also the 100-yd. back stroke championship for the same division of the A. A. U., which he won at Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida. Later in that year he captured the 100-yd. breast stroke title in the Southern Amateur Athletic Union swim at New Orleans, La.

In 1924 he was a member of the Navy Swimming Team which had their final trials at Indianapolis, Ind. After being transferred, and during the remainder of that year, he was stationed at his present post and became a member of the Washington Canoe Club swimming team. Since his association with this club, he has won the 220-yd. breast stroke championship of the Southern Atlantic A. A. U., and the 150-yd. back stroke championship.

Taking to the water on July 11, 1925, Lieutenant Farrell attained the remarkable time of 6 minutes 45 2/5 seconds for the 440-yd. breast stroke swim, and in so doing broke the former world's record, which was held by Robert Skelton of the Illinois Athletic Club of Chicago. Lieutenant Farrell is a very conscientious swimmer and has expressed a desire that the Marine Corps be represented in the three-mile swim this coming summer, for which the President's Cup is offered as a trophy to the winning three-man team. He feels that within the ranks of the Marine Corps there are many capable and experienced men from whom three excellent representatives for the team could be drawn.

"Didst thou know, Polycarp, that Napoleon was a great military tactician?"

"Not at all, Pithecanthropus, for I have it on good authority that he was a great general."

LIEUTENANT W. G. FARRELL



PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL

By EDWIN NORTH MCCLELLAN

Many colleges and universities purr contentedly in the calcium spotlight of football where the public can view them. Boys are attracted to that spotlight as moths flutter toward brilliant lights. Not long now and that "spot" will shift, for professional football has arrived.

Colleges and universities dereft of football as a means of keeping in the public eye must devise a new system of publicity. Virtuous advice would be: do it now, for college football is on its way to join college baseball as a minor attraction for American dollars.

If "college football" was a person, that person would be a professional, not an amateur. Singlehanded, almost, it has supported a family of minor sports. No wonder a college president is peeved at the professional money-hound-promoter discovering that football was a gold mine.

The roof of American baseball is the sky; that of American football has been amateur and college football. To that extent football has been un-American and un-democratic. What would the standard of baseball be today if stars were developed in college? Would there be any Cobbs, Wagners, McGraws, Macks, Jennings, Johnsons and such non-college Americans playing on an amateur sandlot team? No, the only road to glory being via college, there would be no heights for them to scale, no incentive, and no such miracles in baseball. Today in football there is no vision ahead for the non-college players. Lift the bars and let the sky be the limit, and watch the miracle-player arrive; watch for your billion-dollar backfields, and your radium-crested lines.

Real football will be developed only when it is played professionally and when the players are developed professionally. The average college football is played between the ages of 20 and 25. Professional football just begins at the latter age. It is then when the man is fully developed physically and is JUST BEGINNING TO LEARN INSIDE FOOTBALL. No, the truth is that limiting football to college-playing has kept the standard of football proficiency low, very low. Professional football of the future, say in 1930, will excel the college brand in the same ratio that professional baseball excels college baseball today.

Large gobs of money lying around in plain sight, of course, is the immediate cause of having professional football in our midst. Where the money is in great hunks, there is the professional sports promoter, also. He's a business man. He will give you a run for your money. Huge stadiums filled with two-dollar seats clearly demonstrated to the "Promoter-of-Sports-for-Financial>Returns" that he had been overlooking a luscious bet. The pioneer promoter has already passed on. We have now with us the real fellows who will make it a go, both for themselves and us.

What brought the crowds in the stadiums? Not the stadiums, for they were constructed to fit the crowds. The THRILLS in modern football did the trick. It was not open-field running, the old "V" (supplanted by our kickoff), flying wedge, guards or tackles, back or drop-kicking. No, none of those, for they did not have the "punch," the "kick" or the THRILL demanded by the public before it will surrender its greenback. It was the open game, brought about by the forward pass. Before its debut no one in the grandstands knew what was going on. There was no "period of anticipation," in which the moron and others could understand the setting. There was no "moment of giddy suspense," when your liver danced a Charleston with your gaping throat. All that has pranced out before us. Mr. Football has sold the public his goods, and the promoters will COLLECT.

Watch the mob shriek murder and bloody thunder as Mr. Triple Threat backs up fifty yards with the pigskin poised to throw ninety. There you have a million-dollar thrill, and the crowd howls for blood. They see red and feel the little trickles of icicle sharpness messing up their spinal columns. Yes, they're willing to pay big for all that. And, my how they understand it all! This is what brought the bigger stadiums, bigger crowds, more millions at the gate. Yes, the professional promoter already is on the scent. You can hear his golden baying as he pursues the filthy lucre. Soon we will have half a million, or a million rabid fans viewing New York play Chicago, or Philadelphia play Boston, or St. Louis play Honolulu.

"Eftsoons, Pebblegrain, I hear thy affianced is quite a pedant."

"Nay, nay, Epimetheus, she is so dumb in book-learning she could ne'er pass an entrance examination for the kindergarden."

MARINE CORPS BASEBALL SCHEDULE 1926

DATE	TEAM	PLACE OF MEETING
March 13	Fort Benning Infantry School	Columbus, Ga.
14	Fort Benning Infantry School	Columbus, Ga.
15	Fort Benning Infantry School	Columbus, Ga.
17	Open	
18	Davidson College	Davidson, N. C.
19	Elon College	Burlington, N. C.
20	Wake Forest College	Wake Forest, N. C.
22	Guilford College	Greensboro, N. C.
23	Roanoke College	Salem, Va.
27	Dartmouth College	Quantico, Va.
30	Temple University	Quantico, Va.
31	Lehigh University	Quantico, Va.
April 1	Bucknell University	Quantico, Va.
2	Rutgers University	Quantico, Va.
3	Lafayette College	Quantico, Va.
5	Vermont University	Quantico, Va.
6	Vermont University	Quantico, Va.
7	Boston College	Quantico, Va.
8	Fordham University	Quantico, Va.
9	Fordham University	Quantico, Va.
12	Holy Cross College	Quantico, Va.
13	Holy Cross College	Quantico, Va.
16	Blue Ridge College	Quantico, Va.
17	Blue Ridge College	Quantico, Va.
21	Briarly Hall	Quantico, Va.
22	Wake Forest College	Quantico, Va.
24	Mount St. Mary's College	Quantico, Va.
27	West Virginia University	Quantico, Va.
28	West Virginia University	Quantico, Va.
May 1	Catholic University	Washington, D. C.
4		
5	Virginia Military Institute	Quantico, Va.
6	Gettysburg College	Quantico, Va.
8	Guilford College	Quantico, Va.
10	Mount St. Mary's College	Emmitsburg, Md.
11	Washington College	Quantico, Va.
12	Randolph Macon College	Quantico, Va.
15	Catholic University	Quantico, Va.

NORTHERN TRIP

17	Fordham University	New York City.
18	Open	
19	University of New Hampshire	Durham, N. H.
20	Dartmouth College	Hanover, N. H.
21	Vermont University	Burlington, Vt.
22	Boston College	Boston, Mass.
23	New York Athletic Club	Travers Island, N. Y.
28	Western Maryland	Quantico, Va.
29	Western Maryland	Quantico, Va.

Marines As Diplomatic Couriers

The Second Of A Series Of War Time Adventures

(Continued From Last Issue)

By SERGEANT THOMAS BAISDEN, USMC.

Toward the end of March, 1918, rumors were flying thick and fast regarding the operations of the Germans. There were supposed to be whole battalions of Germans (interned prisoners) who, for some unknown purpose, were drilling just outside of Petrograd. As the functions of the various diplomatic bodies were very much curtailed, mainly because their respective governments had not recognized the Bolsheviks, it was finally decided to vacate Petrograd. A conference was therefore held at the embassy, where plans were made for the departure.

Shortly after this meeting the main body of the embassy staff left on a train bound east. The Ambassador and his private secretary, one or two embassy secretaries, the counsellor, an interpreter, a mail clerk and we four couriers remained behind to clear up the records. This was a big job; but, after much work, we got things straightened out, and those records that could not be taken along with us were burned in the embassy courtyard. Arrangements were made for a train to take the last of the foreign diplomats out, and we then spent one whole day moving our belongings to the station. Everyone worked like Marines, and by six o'clock on the evening of the day of departure all the stuff was at the depot. This special train was due to leave at seven o'clock in the evening, but on our arrival at the station we were informed that we might be able to leave some time during the night.

It was a great evening. All our baggage (we had a great heap of it) was piled together on one section of the platform; but the Chinese, Japanese and Serbian outfits insisted on piling their stuff with ours. This caused us much unnecessary trouble, for, of course, we could not allow the baggage to become mixed up with that of the other outfits. The platform was entirely open to the elements for which North Russia is noted, and we had to keep moving around to keep from freezing. Bill Sands had a young lady acquaintance who lived close to the station, and we took turns in going over to her flat for a cup of tea. This helped out very much. About midnight the train pulled into the station, and we spent a busy two hours getting our equipment, etc., aboard. Each nation's representatives had a part of the train allotted to them; but, as far as the Chinese group was concerned, this did not mean anything, as we had to move them out of our section about a dozen times. We finally finished loading and then went on an exploring expedition. At the head of the train was a baggage coach, followed by a dining car with a kitchen attached. This was a splendid affair, with a large stove, pantries, sink, etc. At the conference in Petrograd Mr. Butler Wright was informed that I had at one time been a mess sergeant, and he immediately nominated me as the cook of the outfit.

We left Petrograd about three o'clock in the morning, and arrived at a place called Vologda late the next night. This place is at the junction of the Trans-Siberian and the Archangel-Moscow rail-



Left Steele, Right Baisden, at (you read the sign).

roads, and is a fairly large town. There were about twelve or fourteen rows of tracks, and, of course, we were placed on a siding as far away from the station as they could possibly get us. The section which had left ahead of us was recalled from down the line, and they returned a day or so later. After camping on the train for a day or two, the American consul and his party moved uptown to a hotel and opened for business. Then the commissar of the district turned over a large clubhouse to the Ambassador, to be used as a temporary embassy. The file clerks, code clerks, mail clerks, interpreter, and we four couriers lived on the train; the Ambassador and his secretaries moved into the clubhouse.

We remained at this place about three weeks, and during this time acted as guard on the train and messengers for the Ambassador. It was interesting to watch the various types of Russians who were continually arriving and departing on the trains. Most of them were soldiers just wandering from one place to another, with no definite object in view except to await the fulfillment of the promises of the Bolshevik leaders. They would sit in one spot for hours at a time, just staring into space and eating sunflower seeds, the peanuts of Russia. The trains were always crowded—in fact, overcrowded—with people, and at times it was all the engine could do to pull the train. No objection was made to the number of people riding on the trains—and in this respect the stationmaster was only playing safe, as it had been reported that in one instance, when a stationmaster refused to let the train leave be-

cause of its crowded condition, the mob just tied him to the rails in front of the engine and then ran the train over him.

Mason, the interpreter, had been designated as commissary steward, and he used to comb the surrounding country for supplies for the mess. On one occasion he had purchased a quarter of beef and two pork loins and brought them aboard the train. We stowed them in a receptacle which we innocently thought was made for the purpose. This place was reached by taking up a trapdoor in the corridor, between the dining car and the kitchen. Beneath this door was a place just large enough to hold the meat. Being beneath the car, it was exposed to air on all sides, so we thought the meat would keep longer there. We thought wrong.

The morning after the meat was brought aboard I got up early and made preparations to have pork chops for breakfast. I raised the trapdoor, but no meat was there. I called Mason to the scene, and he got down on his hands and knees and peered into all corners of the cavity. Like me, he saw no meat. What he did see, though, was a door (this was the first we knew of its existence) leading to the outside, and this door was open. We knew at once where the meat had gone. Someone had probably seen the meat brought on the train, and, guessing it would be put into this place, had opened the door when it was dark and extracted the meat. We put no more meat in there, and had "canned bill" and unpleasant memories for breakfast.

Arrangements were finally made for the whole outfit to move uptown, and the Ambassador decided that the services of us couriers were no longer needed. We made preparations for leaving, and, after money had been advanced to us for expenses, we boarded a train which took us back toward Petrograd to a place called Izvanka, at a junction of a railroad going to Murmansk, Russia. We had secured good accommodations on this train, and, leaving about eleven o'clock at night, we reached Izvanka the next day about noon. At this place we disembarked and went over to the station to investigate the possibility of a train going north. We got the information that there might be a train the next day, or, perhaps, next week. The fact was that there was no schedule and, in all probability, no trains. This was a great outlook, and we all adjourned to the platform for a council of war.

In the midst of the suggestions offered, a loud puffing and groaning was heard in the distance, and a little later the large smokestack of a wood-burning engine was seen approaching, belching smoke, and having one hectic time pulling a wagon-lit (Pullman) and a strong of *tipluskis* (box cars). On its arrival at the station it stopped, and we were agreeably surprised to see a couple of English officers getting off the Pullman. We asked one of them, a major, where the train was bound for and what chances we had of getting aboard. He told us that it was a refugee train bound for Murmansk, and that, although it was well crowded, we

could camp in the corridor of the wagon-lit, if we liked. We piled aboard and found that all the coupes were filled with British subjects who had lived in Russia for years; but, having lost everything they owned, were being taken back to England by the British authorities.

We made ourselves as comfortable as possible in the corridor, and a little later the train pulled out for the north. It was somewhat rough traveling, as we had no fixed place to rest, and the corridor, of course, was used as a lobby and social salon by the other passengers. Occasionally we would get a chance for a rest in the berth of one of those who came out into the corridor; but, as a rule, we just stood around and admired the passing scenery. This became monotonous as the scenery consisted mainly of snow, and the farther north we went, the more snow there was. After about forty-eight hours of this monotony we reached Petrozavodsk, a fairly large town on the western edge of Onega Lake.

Here we remained for three days, trying to get the whiskered gent in charge of the station to let us go on. He claimed that the snow was so deep that it would be impossible for the engine to pull the low body of the wagon-lit through it. We explored the town and made a few purchases. Nearby were many Germans and Austrians (interned), who lived in box cars, and they were making a mint of money building houses for the Russians. They came and went just as they pleased, and there were no guards over them. There was also a detail of French soldiers quartered there (reason unknown), and we each purchased a five-pound loaf of bread from them. These loaves were as black as sin and about the size of an ordinary two-pound loaf, so one can guess what they were like to eat. The hungriest hobo in the world would have sent them back to the kitchen.

We were conspiring to run the engine ourselves, when the old stationmaster decided to let us go on, and this we proceeded to do. It was the worst train journey I ever want to experience. The snow became deeper and deeper, and the bottom of the wagon-lit (just as the old Russian had predicted) dragged along in it. We would stagger along at about two miles an hour for a short distance, and then stop entirely. The engine would then back up a little, get up steam, dash madly ahead over the ground it had already covered, and then hit the snow for another stop. We made bets on the amount of ground, if any, we would gain. The engineer at last decided that we would never reach any place at the rate we were going, and said that the best thing to do was to split the train, the engine pulling the wagon-lit to the next siding and then going back to bring up the rest of the train. In this manner we made some progress.

While the train was stopping at one of the small stations along the line, a fellow dressed in civilian clothes came aboard and started a conversation with the British major. Christie and I had a faint recollection that we had seen this bird some time, but we could not decide just where. It finally dawned on us that he was a German officer who had come to the embassy in Petrograd, claiming that he had deserted. He had told us there that he wanted to be interned in the United States, but his yarn sounded rather suspicious to the officers of the Military Mission, and they would have nothing to do

with him. We recited this experience to the British major, who kept the German on the train until we reached Murmansk, where the culprit was turned over to the British authorities.

It had been so cold on the train that we had to wear our overcoats to keep warm, and now, to make matters worse, the steam pipe from the engine broke, thus cutting off what little heat we had been getting from that source. The frost was at least half an inch thick on the bolts dotting the inside of the coach, and the windows became coated with ice. The bread we had bought from the French had to be thawed out before we could cut it, and our jar of marmalade froze. The road over which we were passing had been built by American and Canadian engineers just after the war started. It was a wobbly affair at its best, as the tracks had been laid on glacial rock with a few covering feet of soil, which slipped around every time a train passed over the track.

One night, as we were sitting around huddled up to keep warm and singing to keep cheerful, one of the gang asked me to write a song about the delights of traveling on Russian trains, so I wrote the following:

Oh, the joy, the undiluted joy,
Of riding on a Russian railway train.
You're packed in a coupe with about a dozen more,
And trying to get in with you are Russians by the score.
The windows are all closed, so you cannot get the air,
And the smell from the *tovarishes* give you a pain.
As you crawl on verse by verse
You've got nothing to do but curse
While riding on a Russian railway train.

Just ten days after we left Vologda we reached the thriving city of Murmansk, a motley conglomeration of huts and box cars, and peopled principally by allied troops. Before the war this was a very small village, but when the White Sea had frozen over and communication by water with Archangel had therefore ceased, it was discovered that this town of Murmansk was accessible all the year around, and was, in fact, the only place where supplies for the Russians could be landed. A base was established and supplies were sent south from there in sleighs drawn by reindeer. The extraordinary amount of work involved in this transportation caused them to build the railroad over which we were now traveling.

We stayed on the train at Murmansk, as there was no other place to go. After locating the American consul, we went to the British authorities to obtain passage to England on the ship *Oporto*, which we found was due to sail in a few days. The British sent us to the French, and the French referred us back to the British. Great stuff! It seemed that the *Oporto* was a Portuguese ship, chartered by the French to take out about five hundred French officers, who comprised the French military mission to Rumania. It was manned by a British crew, however, and the British also had control of all the shipping in the Arctic; so we finally decided that the British were the ones to whom we should apply for transportation. We told the control officer that it would save a riot if he would let us aboard, especially when we found out that the refugees from the train were

all going along on the same ship. We forcefully told him that between the diplomatic corps, the military personnel and the civilians, the diplomatic corps came first, and that we were diplomats.

He saw that we were right and gave us permits to go aboard, where one of us was given a cabin because of the mail, and the other three were assigned hammocks in the fore-castle with most of the French officers. We spent the least time possible in the fore-castle, because the French officers all became sick, and this made the fore-castle an unsightly joint. All our meals were had in the first class saloon. The trip was uneventful until we got near England, when we had to race a German submarine into the River Tyne. We disembarked at Newcastle, after being away for over four months; and were a very happy gang when we saw the green fields of "Blighty" once more. We reached London the next morning, and this ended our first trip as diplomatic couriers.

II.

My stay in London was of short duration, as two weeks later I was off to Scandinavia. On this trip I went only to Christiania and Stockholm, as one of the couriers was stationed at Copenhagen and he made periodical journeys to Christiania or Stockholm to get the mail consigned to the legation in Denmark. I made a couple of these trips and then came my next ride to Russia. On this jaunt I had company, as it had been decided that there was too much risk traveling alone; and, besides, it was almost impossible, when alone, to make travel arrangements, as it was necessary for a person to take the bags with him everywhere he went. Traveling in pairs provided the means whereby one could look after the mail while the other did the scouting. Gunnery Sergeant Jack Steele, who had just previously arrived from the States, was to be my partner on this trip, and we were to sail from London, Eng., on the SS UMTALI.

As directed by the British Ministry of Shipping, we went to the East India Docks on a certain dismal, rainy evening, and, after wandering through a maze of docks, arrived at what we were informed was the S. S. UMTALI. Not a light was visible on her, but we climbed the steep gangway, with our bags, and when we reached the deck, we were greeted by a huge pile of ashes and clinkers. After a few minutes an old watchman (W. W. Jacobs style) appeared on the scene and asked us our business. When we told him, he was considerably surprised and said that the ship was not nearly ready to sail, no cargo had been taken aboard, and the officers and crew were all ashore. Besides, there was no place for us to park.

We hung around the deck for a while, but when it started to rain, we decided that we must find a place below deck to put our stuff. Using our flashlights, we went on an exploring trip and found that all the cabins were locked. We discovered the purser's cabin unlocked, however, and, entering, we found a bunch of keys hanging on the bulkhead. As luck would have it, they were the keys to the cabins; so opening one, we got our bags from the topside and locked them in the cabin. We returned to the deck just in time to meet the First Officer coming aboard and he was just able to navigate. He wanted us to leave the ship, but after showing him our papers he told us to make the

best of it, and, after expressing his opinion of the Ministry of Shipping, left us "holding the bag." We went below and turned in, and the next day the purser came aboard and made things more comfortable.

Two days later we moved out into the river Thames and took on a cargo of TNT and ammunition. After this was aboard, we proceeded on our way to Russia, escorted by a British destroyer until we were north of the Orkney Islands. Besides ourselves there were a number of British officers and enlisted men aboard, and they kept things interesting on the trip north by giving a series of smokers. Jack Steele was a splendid piano player and I sang a bit, so we were in great demand. One day, Jack and I were on the upper deck when we noticed a number of British officers had fastened a piece of wood, about three inches wide and half an inch thick, to the side of the well-deck bulwark, and were standing across the deck, shooting at it with their Webley revolvers.

They did not seem to be having much success with their marksmanship, and Jack, who was a crack pistol shot, decided to give them a few pointers. With their consent he took his automatic pistol and proceeded to shoot the wooden target to pieces. Not content with shooting at the broad side of the target he turned the piece of wood sideways and shot at the half inch side of it. He did not miss once, and at every shot a piece of wood was chipped off. The Britishers thought this was good shooting, but were of the opinion that Jack could not do it with one of the Webleys. He showed them they were wrong by doing the same with their revolvers as he had done with his automatic. They were loud in their praise of Jack's shooting but were considerably surprised when he told them that this was the ordinary shooting of the U. S. Marines. Needless to say, I did not make an Ananias out of Jack by doing any shooting myself.

Upon our arrival at Murmansk, Russia, we found that a shipment of about 120 bags of mail had arrived at that place from Stockholm, Sweden; this mail having accumulated there because of the moving of the embassy in Russia. How the mail reached Murmansk I do not know, but imagine it came around Norway by steamer. Anyway, it was added to the stuff we had with us and we were told that we were to take it with us to Vologda. To get to that place we had to go to a place called Kandalaksha, from there take a boat to Archangel, and then, by rail, south to Vologda. Kandalaksha was situated on an inlet at the lower edge of the White Sea and was reached by the rocky Murmansk Railroad. Because of the large amount of mail we now had, a box car was necessary to transport it and, upon our applying for one, we caused a punitive riot in the British R. T. O.'s (Railway Transportation Officer's) office.

Lieutenant Ollie Cobb, USNRF, Aide to Admiral McCully, came to our assistance and we got the car. As we had to park in this car with the mail, and since the weather was rather chilly, we had to have a stove; and after scouting around a bit, we managed to acquire a wood stove. We piled all the wood we could beg, borrow, or steal into the car, and then we got some empty tin cans and filled them with water for cooking and drinking purposes. After a false start or two we left Murmansk for Kandalaksha, arriving there about two days

later. We spent the next two or three days trying to get a boat to take us to Archangel, but were not successful. Just as we were making up our minds to build a raft, a steamer arrived from Archangel with some of the embassy staff aboard. They told us that the Embassy had moved from Vologda to Archangel and was coming over to Kandalaksha, with the idea of going to Murmansk. We turned the mail over to them; and, as they had no keys to the locks on the bags, they ripped the bags open and sorted out the mail. We helped with this job because of the large amount of mail.

Our food supply was nearly exhausted, so we started to scout around for a source of replenishment, and discovered that there were detachments of British, French, and Serbian troops quartered a short distance away. A branch of the line went in this direction; so, breaking into a shed on the railway track siding, we dragged out a hand car and on this we pumped our way to where the troops were stationed. We had to do a terrible amount of talking to get any food loose from the troops, but, being marines, managed the situation. They sold us some food consisting of MacConachie rations, bacon, biscuits, coffee, milk, and sugar. Loading this on the hand car, we started back. Although the journey to the rendezvous was comparatively easy, the return was heart and back breaking. It was upgrade all the way and this, together with the load of supplies, gave us some job. The trip down was about five miles but the trip back was at least fifty, or so it seemed.

A day or so later the Ambassador and the rest of the embassy crowd arrived and we moved aboard the steamer. A conference was held and it was decided to return to Archangel; Jack Steele and I went with them. The entire population of Kandalaksha was on the dock to wish us God-speed and it looked as though they were using the occasion as an opportunity to celebrate. My remembrance of the trip across the White Sea is rather hazy, but I seem to have an impression that it was rather hectic. I know the boat was



Russian crossing sweeper

crowded and that we slept in any place where we could find room; and I believe the trip took about forty-eight hours. I also remember helping someone to cook some flapjacks and have an idea we threw the regular ship's cook out of the galley. It happened so long ago that it is hard to recall the incidents as they occurred. On our arrival at Archangel, having no place to go, we remained on the boat for two or three days while the Ambassador made arrangements for quarters for the Embassy. The residence of a former governor of Archangel was decided upon, and we moved in. This building also housed the French and Italian Embassies.

Archangel was a rather unprepossessing town and I always had a feeling of gloom whenever I was there. In addition to the regular ramshackle Russian houses, there were a number of stone residences in bad state of repair, together with the usual magnificent, many domed, highly decorated churches. I had the privilege on two or three occasions of attending services in Russian churches and found them very impressive. There were no seats and everybody stands; neither were there any organs or musical instruments of any description, but the singing by an invisible choir of male voices was beautiful and sounded to me just like the pealing of a mighty organ. They have lovely services at Easter, and also some quaint customs. On the night before Easter Sunday, services are held in the churches; just before midnight everybody lights a candle and then, on the stroke of twelve, proceed out of the church with it. If the candle remains lighted until the outside is reached, luck will attend the carrier during the year. Everybody kisses everybody else, at the same time saying "Christ is risen." I helped out all I could. All the church bells are pealed by anyone who cares to ring them, and this is kept up for a week. It is the most jazzy medley imaginable.

Admiral Dewey's old flagship, the USS OLYMPIA, was at Archangel and the bluejacket band used to come ashore once or twice a week to play; either in one of the two small parks, or else in front of the Embassy building. Whenever classical music was played, the Russians would applaud mightily; but whenever ragtime or blues was played, they maintained a stony silence, and the expressions on their faces evidenced the fact that they did not like it. Of course it was different with the British and American audiences. One of the parks in which they played was situated in the heart of the town, and although rather small, was the rendezvous for petting parties. In front of the bandstand was a circular pathway and everyone would circle around and around this walk, men making eyes at the girls, and, as a rule, the girls reciprocating. I spent many an enjoyable evening in this park.

During our stay at Archangel, the UMTALI arrived from Murmansk to take on cargo, and passage was secured for us on this boat for the return trip to England. The journey back was uneventful and we landed at Dundee, Scotland, going by rail from there to London.

My next trip was the one mentioned by Bill O'Grady when, because of the frozen condition of the White Sea, we had to travel from Soroka to Archangel by sleigh. This was a wonderful trip and stands out above all others because of the mode of travel and the country traversed. The sleighs we used were crude, open

affairs drawn by half starved Russian ponies and driven by men, women, and even children. The ones furnished us at the beginning of the journey were secured for us by the British R. T. O., Major Franklin. I found out later that he was an American and was a member of the Adventurers' Club of Chicago. He was very kind to us and through him we were able to get hold of a five gallon demijohn of issue rum, to be used in bribing the various village commissars along the route. By a system of careful dilution, this jug of rum lasted us nearly all the way across. We would arrive at the various posthouses in the villages at all hours of the day or night, locate the best house around, and, after gaining admittance, get a samovar of water to make tea, after which we would proceed to use their fireplace to cook our food. Because of the peculiar arrangement of these heating places we had to hammer our frying pan into a square shape to enable us to get it in the door of the fireplace. As a rule we remained at each posthouse only long enough to change sleighs and horses, but there were times when we were detained longer than we wished to stay, because of the late hour of our arrival and the distance from which the sleighs had to be secured.

As soon as we became located at each village we would look up the old commissar-in-charge and dicker for transportation. As he spoke no English and we spoke very little Russian, this seance generally developed into an exposition of the sign language. I would flourish our "lasser passer", wonderfully ornamented with large red State Department seals, and ask "*devit lochet, se chas, skolka chassooff?*" This was supposed to mean "We want nine horses and sleighs at once. How soon can we get them?"; but literally meant "nine horses, this hour, how much hours?". After the sense of the thing would dawn on "His Honor, the Commissar", he would tell us "so many hours" and hold up his fingers to show how many. Then the fun would commence. We would shout "*Neit! Neit!, se chas?*"; and he would yell "*Neit! Neit!*", embellished by what must have been Russ cussing. At any rate we thought it was and answered likewise. Finally we would break out the old rum jar and after a shot or two he would come down to about two or three hours. With this we would have to be satisfied.

The sleep proposition did not bother us much as we could always take turns at lying stretched out on some straw in the bottom of the sleighs and have a nap. The cold was extreme, but we were well muffled up and thus kept fairly warm. At times we would get out and run back of the sleigh, but I was handicapped in this as I had on a pair of solid leather mukluks which caused me to slide all over the place. The glare of the snow was so bad we had to wear smoked glasses to protect our eyes, and, because the country was so flat and open, the blizzards were darned uncomfortable. Although it was a most unique trip and the incidents along the way were out of the ordinary, it was a gladsome moment when we moved out onto the frozen River Dwina, just above Archangel, with the knowledge that our journey was almost ended.

The thaw which prevented our return over the route by which we came to Archangel, also enabled an ice breaker to crush its way through the White Sea

to the Arctic Ocean, and on this vessel, THE ALEXANDROVSK, I left for Murmansk. Because of its draft, the ALEXANDROVSK could not get over a sand bar at the mouth of the Dwina River, so we left Archangel on a smaller ice breaker and sailed as close to the "ALEX" as the ice would allow. We passed from one ship to the other over the ice, as it froze solid as soon as the vessel ceased moving. The "ALEX" was manned by a British naval crew and I was assigned quarters in the ward room. It took us three days to get clear of the ice and it was some trip. The ice breaker would crush its way through the piled up ice and the noise was terrific. I had my meals with the British officers and at the conclusion of dinner each night, took part in a time honored custom of the British Navy. A bottle of port wine was passed around and glasses filled. Everybody then stood and drank a toast to "His Majesty, the King, God Bless Him." On Saturday night this was embellished by adding another glass of port wine and drinking to "Our Wives and Sweethearts." Well—the wine was mighty good.

On my arrival at Murmansk I had to procure passage on a Russian steamer which played between Murmansk and Vardo, Norway. The Russian crew were all drunk, and during the voyage the skipper ran the old tub ashore, and it took us half a day to get off the beach. The only passengers besides myself were an American traveling shoe salesman and an Italian courier. At one time it looked as though we would have to run the ship ourselves if we expected to reach Vardo. The unexpected happened, however, and we finally got there. Then I secured passage on a Norwegian passenger boat that went to Bergen, Norway. This trip was all through the Norwegian fiords and was very interesting. It was the same trip as is advertised in the travel columns of leading newspapers and took us seven days to make, as we stopped at every village along the route. You could always tell when you were about five miles from a village by the smell of dead fish. On arriving at Bergen I got passage on a Norwegian ship and left for Newcastle, England.

I made a number of trips to Russia after this, but had to travel alone, because some of the gang had been transferred to Paris. On one of these trips I embarked on the SS WAR WOLF at Immingham Docks, a mystery port, and after the cargo had been taken aboard, it was decided that the deck cargo, consisting of petrol, was too dangerous for the rest of the cargo, mostly hay; and it was taken off the ship. We were then ordered down the coast to Portsmouth, England, to take on a deck cargo of armed speed boats. This little jaunt down the coast of England, inside the mine fields, and the subsequent stay at Portsmouth, taking on the speed boats, made it exactly sixteen days after I went aboard before we actually sailed for Murmansk.

On arriving at Murmansk. I had to take passage to Archangel on a Thames River paddle boat. These boats (two) had been sent to Russia from England to be used on the Dwina River. It was considered some feat to have taken them under their own steam up through the North Sea into the Arctic Ocean and around the North Cape to Murmansk and Archangel. Because of their small draft,

however, these boats were ideal for use in these waters. The little trip I took on one of them gave me some idea of how rough the larger voyage must have been, as the paddle wheels shook the old steamer all up every time they hit a wave. When one considers the fact that the White Sea, over which I traveled, was fairly smooth, it was easy to guess what the North Sea trip must have been like.

On the return journey I went from Archangel to Murmansk on the USS EAGLE No. 1, together with Admiral McCully and his aide. The Eagle boats were there for the same reason as the Thames River paddle boats, but were too deep in the water for the purpose, so were used as dispatch boats. At Murmansk, by direction of Admiral McCully, I was given passage to Bergen, Norway, on the USS SACRAMENTO. (This was like coming home, as I served three months aboard this vessel up the Panuco River in Mexico during 1915.) On the trip to Bergen we stayed inside the fiords to dodge the mine fields. We sighted a few of these pretty toys, however, and on one or two occasions sunk a couple by machine gun fire. At Bergen, I embarked on a Norwegian boat for Newcastle, Eng.

Russia was finally evacuated by the allied forces; and, as the diplomats left with them, I was put on the Paris run. I had this run for about seven months, making a trip once a week. I left London on Tuesday morning and arrived in Paris the same evening. Stayed there till Thursday morning when I left on the return to London. These little trips made me pretty well acquainted with that much-talked-about body of water, the English Channel. It was all I had heard about it, and more. The boats were not very large and carried on something awful when it was rough, which was nearly all the time. I enjoyed this run very much; for, besides being able to enjoy the pleasures of "that Gay Paree", I met many Americans on the journey. At times I had to take charge of them, and assist them through the customs, etc., for which service they were, as a rule, very grateful. The French port authorities got to know me so well that they discontinued the formality of stamping my passport, and with a "Bon soir, Monsieur", passed me through.

My last year overseas was spent in trips to Scandinavia. During this time I spent every week-end on the North Sea. This was most enjoyable—I don't think. Next to the Channel, the North Sea was the most upsy-downsy bunch of wetness I had ever experienced, and I had spent over six years with the Atlantic Fleet. I left Harwick, England, every Saturday night and arrived at Esberg, Denmark, the following evening. Went from there



The natives bid farewell

by rail to Copenhagen, where I arrived the next morning. Left Copenhagen by ferry for Malmo, Sweden, the following night, leaving Malmo by rail for Stockholm, at which place I arrived the next morning. The next night I left Stockholm for Oslo, Norway, arriving at that place the next morning. Left Oslo by boat on Saturday at noon, arriving at Newcastle, England, on Monday night or Tuesday morning, according to the weather. On one or two occasions I did not reach England until Wednesday, and once Thursday. Then off on the old merry-go-round on Saturday again. On two occasions I had to sail from Bergen as the ship in which I had left Oslo had a collision with another ship and returned to port. One of these times we were in a bad fix and just managed to reach Stavanger, Norway. On both these trips I had to resume my journey from Bergen, as that was the nearest port from which sailing could be made.

Knowing the ropes as I did, I was of material assistance to Americans on a number of occasions. For instance; on one trip across from Norway I met up with an American from Wisconsin. He had been on a business trip to Sweden and was returning to the United States via England. In the course of our conversation I asked him if his passport was in order for landing in England, as the British were very strict. He told me he had no British visa as he was only passing through England to get to Liverpool, from which port the liner on which he had engaged passage was sailing. I told him that I was afraid they would not let him land and he would have to return to Norway for a visa. This upset him quite a bit, because if he missed his steamer he might not be able to get a new reservation for some time, as at that period bookings were pretty heavy. When we got to Newcastle it was as I had predicted and he was refused admittance. I went ashore and talked to the officials, who by this time knew me very well, and told them the difficulty it would put the fellow in, if they made him return to Norway. They listened to me, and upon my vouching for his leaving England on the steamer on which he had engaged passage, he was allowed ashore. He realized what my little harangue had done for him and was very profuse in his thanks. As I did not smoke cigars, I gave them away, so could not say, personally, what those he gave me were like.

Well, it finally ended; and, on April 21, 1921, I, together with a wife and son I had acquired during my short sojourns in "Blighy", embarked on the SS OLD NORTH STATE and sailed back to the old U. S. Back from the land of obsequious stationmasters, of porters with large, open hands, of khaki clad "old dears", of wetness; back to the old routine, rather sorry it was all over, but with the knowledge that the experiences I had encountered would provide pleasant memories in the long years to come.

THE END

"RETREAT HELL"

(Continued from Page 12)

that the order was to retreat, which, as far as the French troops were concerned, was quite true. And Captain Williams told him to go to Hell! * * * Captain Williams was wounded later, and when he was on the operating table in the dressing station he was killed by a random shell. He is among the multitudinous dead who lie in the Valley of the Marne. But the thing he said and the work he did is very much alive." The body of Captain Williams was brought home from France, after that was written, and rests in the Shenandoah Valley at Berryville.

William E. Moore, formerly Captain, S. C., Historical Branch, G. H. Q., A. E. F., wrote in the *American Legion Weekly*, that there is a historic feature "that marks the vicinage of Les Mares Farm as dear to Americans. It was there that some officer of the Second Battalion, Fifth Regiment of Marines, was attributed with uttering his famous 'Retreat? Hell! I just got here!'"

The battalion commander of Captain Williams was Lieut. Col. Frederick M. Wise, U. S. M. C., and it is claimed that he also used words equally emphatic as those of the former.

Lieut. John McClellan, U. S. M. C., who fought bravely at Belleau Wood and was later killed at Soissons, wrote to his parents: "The next morning early one French regiment fell back through our regiment. Then at 8:00 P. M. back came a regiment of French negro troops. These were the last in front. One of the French (white) Majors gave one of our captains written orders to retreat. This captain came direct to our Colonel with the orders and asked what to do. The Colonel said, 'Retreat Hell,—we've got orders to hold and hold we will!'"

William Almon Wolff wrote in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* that Lieut. Col. "Fritz" Wise had received an order to retreat and had replied: "Retreat? Hell! We've just come. We'll let the *boches* do the retreating."

Brigadier-General Logan Feland, U. S. M. C., who was Second-in-Command of the Fifth Marines at Belleau Wood, wrote in the *Marine Corps Gazette*, that unquestionably Lieut. Col. Wise had used the historic language already noted and that it was "quite clear that it was Captain Williams who first refused to withdraw, and by asking that the artillery range be not shortened, he gave the best proof that he intended to stay where he had been told to hold. Captain Williams reported his action for confirmation to Lieut. Col. Wise, who emphatically, if profanely, did confirm him." "I have no doubt that Captain Corbin and Captain Williams used somewhat the same language" as that used by Lieut. Col. Wise, but Lieut. Col. Wise "had been in the Marine Corps twenty years longer and naturally knew more about 'cussing' than Captain Williams."

WHITE GOLD

(Continued from Page 5)

burying the dead. That had not been explained, but, in view of his discovery regarding the red fire, Hollister felt certain that it, too, was caused by some mechanical means.

What lay back of all this? He was sure now that the old man he had shot in the passage was a "Papa-Roi" or Voodoo Priest. Yet on the other hand the employment of mechanical aids did not seem to fit in with what he had previously known of the cult. He then thought of the French gold. Was he, after all, to discover a fabulous treasure? Possibly, if he did... Madeline! No, not Madeline, he was through with her forever he told himself sternly.

While he had been lying under the tree, lost in thought, the full moon had risen over the mountain peaks and now shed its mellow light upon the valley. Hollister aroused himself and stepped out on the path. The moonlight was so bright that he knew anyone would have no difficulty in seeing him instantly, so he hastily stepped back under the protecting shadow of the trees and continued along the side of the path. He could still hear the throbbing of the tom-toms and could imagine the natives engaged in their barbaric revels. For a moment he was tempted to go back and watch the ceremony, but the thought immediately occurred to him that he had a wonderful opportunity to investigate the valley. A large number, if not all, of the inhabitants of the valley were undoubtedly in attendance at this ceremony and he could go where he liked with little danger of being seen.

He had not gone far in the direction of the buildings when he heard someone approaching towards him on the path. Hurriedly he stepped behind a convenient tree and waited. Nearer and nearer sounded the footsteps. The path just beyond him was heavily shaded and he could see nothing but a dim figure approaching him.

Just before him on the path was a brilliant flood of moonlight. He hurriedly decided to wait until whoever it was passed this point before taking any action. Loosening the pistol in his holster he waited tensely.

Suddenly the figure stepped into the brilliant moonlight. The hand on his pistol relaxed and he gasped—before him on the path stood the most beautiful girl he had ever seen!

(To be continued)



Goggles of a Gyrene

By ARTHUR J. BURKES

To all good Marines wherever they may be found; to those who gave their all to uphold the sacred traditions of the Corps and who, in the full measure of a devotion, sleep today beside their French and English brothers; to those who stand ready and willing to follow in the footsteps of their departed buddies, and grasping the torch which they, in falling, hurled toward the enemy, raise it silently aloft and resolve in their innermost hearts to CARRY ON. To such as these this page is reverently dedicated.

YELLOW AND BRAVE

Private Gill Gadget, the boss of the barracks,

Stood up in the midst of the crowd;
And declared by the breath of old Arracks,

He wasn't a man to be cowed.
He rolled up his sleeves to the elbow,
A plainly belligerent bird;
And maintained to the rest of his fellows,
There wasn't a thing that he feared.
He could whip any man in the outfit,
In behalf of his honor behooved it;
One by one they stuck out their mitts,
And Private Gill Gadget proved it!

He cleaned up the bunch and strutted about,

His chest pointed up to his chin;
In a corner sat Gimik who had not dared his clout,

Had merely declaimed, "I am not sitting in."

Gimik was yellow, the whole crew knew it,

And they razed him from morning to night;

The boy just smiled nor seemed to rue it,
He hadn't the heart for a fight.

Private Gill Gadget was the barrack-room hero,

And Gimik the butt of their jokes;
Gill Gadget developed the fame of a Nero;
While Gimik was rated with blokes.

But you can't read the heart of a fellow
By the fashion or cut of his clothes;
You mustn't believe that a buddy is yellow,

'Cause he seems to have ice in his toes.
You can't never tell an' seein's believin',
It's when a fellow's 'is back to the wall,
You find out that looks is deceivin',
An' that loud ballyhooin' presages a fall.

Harken to Gadget the Hero,
And Gimik the man with a streak;
Remember his fame of a Nero,
And his with the spirit so weak.

The two of them grew to be non-coms,
And led a bunch into the sticks;
Foremost of the party was Gadget,
When the party was fired on by Spicks.
They hadn't a chance from the outset,
The bullets flew smack at their face;
It was Gadget who flew from the onset,
And Gimik who captured the place.

THE OLDTIMER

I've carried my pack with the toughest,
I've followed the Corps 'round the world;
I've been where the livin' was roughest,
Wherever it was that Old Glory unfurled.
I've had all diseases that's catchin',
I've scars from the Biggest Scrap;
Wherever was trouble a-hatchin',
I was there with my rifle and 'gat'.

I've stood beside my comrades
In many distant climes,
I've scribbled their dying wishes
At many different times.
I've looked at their white faces,
And they looked back at me;
But the looks aroused my sadness,
For their eyes that could not see.

On the edges of sun-parched deserts
I've shaded my eyes with my hand,
And thought I could picture the future
In the shimmering mirage from the sand.

In the moon-lit, flickering shadows of palm-fronds,
On islands apart from the law,
I wish I could tell but the tenth part
Of the wonderful things that I saw.
A home at last, perhaps, and babies,
Not so simple as it seems;
I'm a one-woman man an' I'm wedded,
What I saw was but my dreams.

Wedded to the Corps of my calling,
As those things for which it stands;
This marriage-tie tho' not galling,
Is as strong as iron bands.
I've neither father, mother nor brother,
Or other kith or kin,
To think about or bother
O'er the trouble I get in.
The wife of my bosom is with me,
And shall be to the end;
Though some may think it futile,
I have no wish to mend.

There are years before me yet, and they beckon,
Like a white sail out on the sea;
I know I shall heed it, nor reckon,
What the future hold for me.
For the best of my years are behind me,
There is nothing new o'er the way;
But before the last Taps are sounded,
There's just a word more I would say.

To those who follow my footsteps,
And those who have led the way,
I say to the first "best wishes,"
To the latter I say "stay!"
For though you have gone before me,
With a tale of work well done;
I fain would stand beside you,
And see the prize you've won.
The prize for your years of service,
The totting of your Last Account;
When the Angel at the Gateway
Takes your last Guard-mount.

Then there shall be no tomorrow,
No call to be up and away;
No bugle call to slum an' beans,
No colors running up at break o' day.
Still others have gone before us,
Just the same as you an' me;
For them there was no tomorrow,
But only—Reveille.

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN

It wasn't for fighting they gave me my putts,
Or fastened the bars on my blouse;
They gave them, of course, to those who had guts,
But to me 'cause I'm a good man 'round the house.
I don't care for labor or drilling,
Or work in the field with a gat;
I find social functions more thrilling,
I'm a blamed good fellow at that.
I dress like a Heiberger model,
My clothes fit like paint on a wall;
On pay-day I'm there with a yodel,
I collect every cent of it all.

I don't hang 'round the office,
The top does most of my work;
Whenever I do hit the office,
I only sit 'round there and shirk.
My fitness reports all look dandy,
They never come back for remarks;
My record is all to the candy,
As good as the best of the sharks.

I raise my voice loud when at conference,
Pretend to have heart and whole soul in the game;
I'm deep in my officer's confidence,
He's given me a wonderful name.
I walk up the streets of the cities,
Make 'em think I'm the cock of the walk;
I glance with disdain at hard-working middies,
When they get to my place they can talk.

In all the long years of my service,
I've had all the jobs in the game;
My non-coms have all had the service,
I do nothing but fasten my name.
A wee short hour in the morning,
The tale of my day's work is done;
I go home and commence the adorning,
Then stay out at parties till one.

Some twelve bucks per day for my labor,
I pull down at the end of the month;
The paymaster hands me the little ole paper,
And I bank all the boodle at once.
I've my finger on top of my number,
Promotion will shortly be mine;
If I don't make some sap-headed blunder,
I'll play the old game through my prime.

It's the softest of grafts that I know of,
And the money is nearly all cash;
It's the money not service I love,
And I don't beat a bit round the bush.
I've got the veneer and the polish,
There's just a wee few in my class;
We tacitly vow all work to abolish,
And strive to get by on our brass.

It is funny that after the struggle,
Which I didn't get in o'er the pond;
That the houses of Congress attempted to juggle,
The ranks of the officers 'round.
My fitness reports had been rendered,
And none had returned unto me;
So the consternation the juggle engendered,
Didn't worry my brain don't you see.
I knew I'd be well up the ladder,
When they voiced their desires for a change;
But I missed e'en the last rung of the ladder,
Now blind me but wasn't that strange!

THE GAZETTE

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN A. LEJUNE,
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

COL. W. C. HARTLEY
LT. COL. WM. C. SMALL
MAJ. HARRY K. PICKETT
CAPT. HENRY S. HAUSMANN
1ST LT. WM. N. MCKELVY, JR.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

COL. RICHARD S. HOOKER
LT. COL. ROBERT B. FARQUHARSON
MAJ. MAURICE S. BERRY
CAPT. ALBERT B. SAGE
1ST LT. JAMES M. SMITH

RECENT ORDERS

FEBRUARY 11, 1926

No orders were announced.

FEBRUARY 12, 1926

Capt. W. C. James—Detached MB, Nyd, Phila., Pa., to MB, Nyd, Boston, Mass.
Capt. J. A. Mixson—Detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Gendarmerie d' Haiti.
Capt. A. W. Ogle—Accidentally killed on February 10, 1926.
2nd Lt. P. A. Curtis—Appointment as a second lieutenant revoked.
2nd Lt. A. E. Mead—Resignation accepted.

FEBRUARY 13, 1926

No orders were announced.

FEBRUARY 15, 1926

Capt. P. S. Geer—Detached Dept. of Pacific to MB, Quantico, Va.
1st Lt. G. C. Darnall—Detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Tank School, Camp Meade, Md.
1st Lt. J. N. Popham—Detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.

FEBRUARY 16, 1926

Capt. J. F. Blanton—Detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.
Capt. W. B. Cooke—Assigned to duty aboard the USS ASHEVILLE.
Capt. A. Wilson—Detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to Dept. of the Pacific.
Capt. F. J. Zinner—Detached MB, NS, Guam to Dept. of the Pacific.
1st Lt. A. D. Challacombe—Detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to Dept. of the Pacific.
1st Lt. E. A. Craig—Detached MD, USS HURON, to Dept. of the Pacific.
1st Lt. P. A. Lesser—Assigned to duty with the MD, USS HURON.
2nd Lt. L. T. Burke—Relieved from duty at NAS, Pensacola, Fla., and assigned to duty at MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
2nd Lt. T. A. Holdahl—Assigned to duty at MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I.

FEBRUARY 17, 1926

Capt. G. Bower—Detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Dept. of the Pacific.
Capt. H. Paul—Detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NS, Guam.
Capt. E. L. Russell—Detached MB, Nyd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NS, Guam.
1st Lt. W. E. Bilisoly—Detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, Edgewood, Md.
Mar. Gun. F. G. Lundt—Detached MB, Nyd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NS, Guam.
Qm Clk W. V. Harris—Detached Headquarters Dept. of the Pacific, to MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.
Pay Clk O. E. Gutmann—Detached Headquarters Dept. of the Pacific, to MB, NS, Guam.

FEBRUARY 18, 1926

Capt. O. R. Cauldwell—Detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.
Capt. J. Groff—Do.
1st Lt. C. Connette—Do.
1st Lt. E. S. Shaw—Detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.
2nd Lt. R. P. Coffman—Detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.
2nd Lt. M. S. Swanson—Do.
2nd Lt. W. W. Pace—Detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to MB, NA, Annapolis, Maryland.
Pay Clk M. E. Richardson—Detached MB, NS, Guam, to Department of the Pacific.

FEBRUARY 19, 1926

No orders were announced.

FEBRUARY 20, 1926

Capt. S. C. Cumming—Detached Gendarmerie d' Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. W. T. Evans—Detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.
Capt. C. M. Jones—Do.
Capt. E. G. Huefe AQM—Detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster.
Capt. F. P. Muleahy—Detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, San Diego, Calif.
Capt. J. B. Sobree—Detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.
Capt. E. Talbot—Detached MB, Nyd, Phila., Pa., to MB, Nyd, Charleston, S. C.
Capt. S. A. Woods, Jr.—Detached MB, Nyd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Nyd, Phila., Pa.
1st Lt. J. N. Smith—Detached Advanced Flying School, Kelly Field, Texas, to NAS, San Diego, Calif.

FEBRUARY 23, 1926

No orders were announced.

FEBRUARY 24, 1926

1st Lt. F. B. Hoyt—Detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.
Mar. Gun. P. H. Benz—Detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Nyd, Norfolk, Va.
Mar. Gun. T. Quigley—Detached MB, Nyd, Norfolk, Va., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.

The following promotions have been made:

Lt. Col. N. G. Burton, AQM, to Colonel, AQM.
Major C. R. Sanderson, AQM, to Lt. Col. AQM.
2nd Lt. G. B. Beatty, to 1st Lieutenant.
2nd Lt. R. D. Foote, Jr., to 1st Lieutenant.
2nd Lt. A. V. Cherbonnet, to 1st Lieutenant.
2nd Lt. W. W. Davies, to 1st Lieutenant.

Headquarters, Marine Corps has forwarded commissions in the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve to:

Captain Robert K. Ryland,
Captain Harvey L. Miller,
Second Lieutenant Thomas Brownfield,
Second Lieutenant Phillip G. Strong,
Second Lieutenant Donald C. O'Reagan,
Marine Gunner William E. Johns.

RANK OF PROBATIONARY OFFICERS

As a result of the competitive examination recently held in the cases of the probationary second lieutenants appointed on February 9, 1924, the relative rank of those officers is, in accordance with the provisions of the Act of August 29, 1916, and with the approval of the Secretary of the Navy, hereby assigned as follows:

No. 1 Earl A. Thomas
No. 2 Albert D. Cooley
No. 3 Theodore A. Holdahl
No. 4 Richard Fagan
No. 5 William W. Conway
No. 6 Lewis B. Puller
No. 7 Ernest E. Shaughnessy
No. 8 James E. Jones
No. 9 Robert J. Mumford

The relative rank of the above-named second lieutenants, as indicated in the foregoing, will be shown in the January 1, 1927, Navy Register.

REENLISTMENTS

Lacey, Arthur J., MFF, Quantico; 2-15-26.
McVey, James O., MB, San Diego; 2-11-26.
Smith, Dalles E., MB, San Diego; 2-11-26.
Welk, Geo. T., Retg. Portland, Orge.; 2-13-26.
Doyle, Duncan M., MB, St. Juliens Creek; 2-18-26.
Johnson, Oscar J., MB, Hampton Rds., Va.; 2-19-26.
Heydon, Wm. F., MB, NYD, Wash., DC.; 2-15-26.
Kingsbury, Stanley, MB, Quantico, Va.; 2-16-26.
Seitz, John, MB, Quantico, Va.; 2-17-26.
Watts, Theo. W., HDQ, Wash., DC.; 2-12-26.
Eagle, John J., HDQ, Wash., DC.; 2-16-26.
McTiernan, James F., MB, Parris Island, SC.; 2-16-26.
Mather, Marshall L., HR, West Coast; 2-15-26.
Pearson, Malcolm, MB, Parris Island, SC.; 2-16-26.
Kalka, Bernard F., MB, Puget Sound, Wash.; 2-15-26.
Boyle, Herbert, MB, Parris Island, SC.; 2-13-26.
Lyles, Robert O., MB, Quantico, Va.; 2-15-26.
Rosenberg, Phillip, MB, Quantico, Va.; 2-15-26.
Ford, Edwin C., APM., San Francisco; 2-11-26.
Burton, Charles A., HDQ, Wash., DC.; 2-15-26.
Bondonno, Leon, MB, San Diego; 2-3-26.
Sims, Harry G., Marine Band, Wash., DC.; 2-14-26.
Martin, Henry M., MB, Parris Island, SC.; 2-15-26.
Jenkins, Wm. D., MB, Quantico, Va.; 2-16-26.
Smith, Jose. J., MB, Quantico, Va.; 2-19-26.

Officers Retiring—Assignments Made to Quantico

Col. Charles C. Carpenter, Capt. Robert W. Williams and John J. Haley, and Pay Clerk Herbert H. Woods were examined last week by a retiring board at the headquarters of the marine corps. It is understood they were recommended for transfer to the retired list of that corps as being incapacitated for further active service.

The 11 Marine Corps non-commissioned officers who successfully passed the examination for appointment as second lieutenants in the corps will be given their appointments shortly. They are First Sergt. Laramie D. Sneed, Staff Sergt. Matthew C. Horner, Sergts. James M. Rance, Jr. and Lawrence Norman, and Corps. Earl H. Phillips, Paul A. Putnam, Donald M. Hamilton, James A. Donohue, Granville K. Frisbie, Presley M. Rixey, 3d, and Austin Kautz, Jr. The last named will be tendered his appointment when he becomes 21 years of age on May 22, 1926, provided he meets the physical qualifications on that date.

Fifty-six officers, which is in accordance with the stabilization plans governing Marine Corps organizations, have been assigned to the 5th Regiment of Marines (Infantry), stationed at Marine Barracks at Quantico, Va. They are Col. Louis M. Gulick and Lieut. Col. Robert Y. Rhea, Maj. M. E. Shearer, H. G. Bartlett and H. C. Pierce.

Cpts. M. M. S. Berry, W. F. Brown, L. L. Gover, E. S. Tuttle, G. E. Hayes, V. F. Beasdale, R. Winans, G. D. Hatfield, F. C. Cushing, L. E. Fagan, B. M. Coffenburg, C. H. Martin, R. M. Montague, A. Kingston, A. T. Lewis, J. Groff and S. J. Baltlett; First Lieuts. A. B. Sage, R. Liningston, S. L. Zena, F. D. Harbaugh, W. H. Hollingsworth, A. C. Larson, C. H. McCullough, L. R. Pugh, R. C. Alburger, M. J. Gould, F. X. Bleicher, M. V. Yandle, C. Connette and D. A. Stafford; Second Lieuts. A. W. Cockrell, L. A. Hohn, J. G. Hopper, H. T. Birmingham, W. S. Brown, A. G. Blesner, D. G. Willis, F. E. Sessions, F. H. Brink, M. S. Swanson, J. G. Walraven, R. P. Coffman, R. E. Hozaboom, G. J. O'Shea, F. W. R. Brown, D. K. Claude, A. L. Gardner, J. F. S. Devereaux, F. J. Uhlig and Marine Gunner R. C. Vardy.

The replies received so far by the commandant of the United States Marine Corps from the Marine Corps officers relative to the adoption of the roll collar for the Winter field and Summer field uniforms indicate that the roll collar is favored about 10 to 1. Though it has not been officially decided to adopt the roll-collar uniform, it is understood that official action in this respect will be taken shortly. In anticipation of this action, designs and specifications for the coats are being prepared by the quartermaster department of the corps. With the exception of some slight modifications in the details, they will be substantially the same in general appearance as the new Army roll-collar coats.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Arrived Mare Island 26 January for overhaul. Will sail from San Francisco 16 March for Manila via Honolulu and Guam on the following itinerary: Arrive Honolulu 23 March, leave 25 March, arrive Guam 5 April, leave 8 April, arrive Manila 13 April, leave 20 April, arrive Shanghai 24 April, leave 29 April; arrive Honolulu 11 May, leave 13 May, arrive San Francisco 19 May.

HENDERSON—Sailed Philadelphia 23 February for Hampton Roads. On 1 March will sail from Hampton Roads for West Indies via Quantico and Charleston on following itinerary: Leave Hampton Roads 1 March, arrive Quantico 2 March, leave 3 March, arrive Charleston 5 March, leave 5 March, arrive Guantanamo 8 March, leave 11 March, arrive Port au Prince 12 March, leave 15 March, arrive Quantico 19 March, leave 20 March, arrive Hampton Roads 21 March. Will sail from Hampton Roads 1 April for the West Coast.

KITTERY—Arrived Guantanamo 23 February. Scheduled to leave Guantanamo 23 February, arrive Port au Prince 24 February, leave Port au Prince 25 February, arrive St. Thomas 28 February, leave 2 March, arrive San Juan 2 March, leave 3 March, arrive Hampton Roads 8 March.

ORION—At Navy Yard Norfolk. Will be placed out of commission about 30 April 1926.

SIRIUS—Arrived Philadelphia 20 February. Will sail from Philadelphia about 24 February, arrive New York 26 Feb., sail 1 March, arrive Boston 2 March, sail 8 March, arrive Melville 9 March. Will sail from Melville about 10 March for Hampton Roads.

VEGA—Arrived Puget Sound 20 February. Will sail from Puget Sound about 1 March for the East Coast, stopping at Mare Island, San Diego, Canal Zone, Port au Prince, Hampton Roads, Boston and return to Hampton Roads.



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Private Natale Albanese—Soil Improvement Course.
Private Herman L. Pauley—Dairying Course.
Sergeant Samuel S. Goodspeed—Commercial Law & Finance Course.
Sergeant Marshal E. O'Shields—Masons' Special Course.
Corporal Nero M. Winchester—Aeroplane Engines Course.
Private First Class Roy N. Carr—Salesmanship Course.
Mr. Vivian W. Diener—Aeroplane Engines Course.
Private William C. Wilburn—Radio Operator's Course.
Private Beryl G. Dean—Radio Operator's Course.
Sergeant Philip A. Freyvogel—Radio Operator's Course.
Sergeant Calvin W. Honeycutt—Good English Course.
Private First Class Henry Mann—Bookkeeping, Accounting & Auditing Course.
Private Percy C. Smith—Bookkeeping, Accounting, and Auditing Course.
Private Alfred B. Stewart—Railway Postal Clerk Course.
Private First Class William H. Hahn—Railway Postal Clerk Course.
Private Harry A. Miller—Railway Postal Clerk Course.
Private Meyer Parver—Civil Service General Course.

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GEORGE, Russell J.
HELEY, Arthur S.
JONES, Earl E.
ROE, Richard
TAGUE, John J.
TULLY, George J.
WAGNER, Edwin
WICK, Leonard F.

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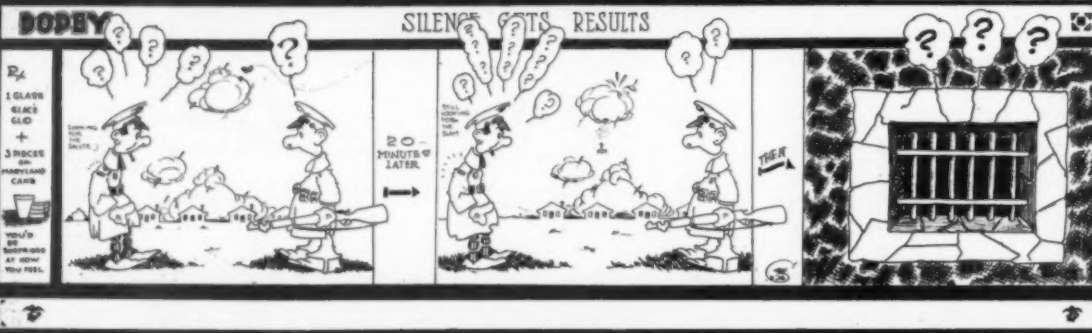
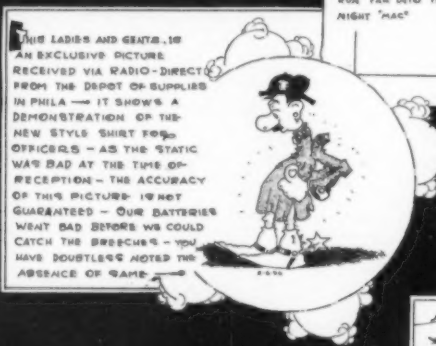
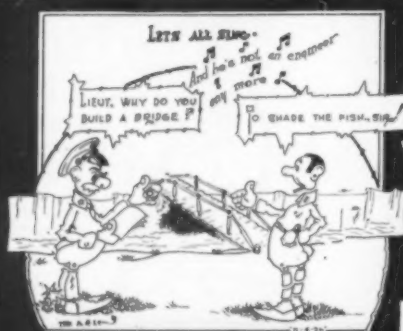
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